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# THE TRAGEDY OF THE Lady JANE GRAY.

As it is Acted at the THEATRE-ROYAL  
in *Drury-Lane.*

---

By N. ROWE Esq;

---

*Sed frustra Leges & mania Jura tuenti  
Scire mori Surs optima.*

---

L O N D O N,

Printed for BERNARD LINTOTT at the Cross-Keys  
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INTRO

ТАЯД БУДУЩИЕ

117. *Як і він сидить* від *Якота*

ГЛАВА VI

X-84 NO. 1

powerful German in the past 20 years. 222.

TO  
Her Royal Highness

PRINCESS of WALES.

MADAM,

A Princess of the same Royal Blood  
to which you are so closely and  
so happily ally'd, presumes to  
throw her self at the Feet of YOUR  
ROYAL HIGHNESS for Protection.  
The Character of that Excellent Lady,  
as it is deliver'd down to us in History,

is very near the same with the Picture I have endeavour'd to draw of her: And if, in the Poetical Colouring, I have aim'd at heightning and improving some of the Features, it was only to make her more worthy of those Illustrious Hands to which I always intended to present her.

As the *British* Nation, in general, is infinitely indebted to YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS, so every particular Person amongst us ought to contribute, according to their several Capacitys and Abilitys, towards the discharging that Publick Obligation.

We are your Debtors, MADAM, for the Preference You gave us, in chusing to wear the *British* rather than the *Imperial* Crown; for giving the Best Daughter to our KING, and the Best Wife to our PRINCE. It is to YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS we owe the Security that may be

## DEDICATION.

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shall be deliver'd down to our Childrens Children, by a most Hopeful and Beautiful, as well as a Numerous Royal Issue. These are the Bonds of our Civil Duty : but YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS has bind us under others yet more Sacred and Engaging ; I mean, those of Religion. You are not only the Brightest Ornament, but the Patroness and Defender of our Holy Faith.

Nor is it *Britain* alone, but the World, at the present and all succeeding Ages, who shall bless Your Royal Name for the greatest Example that can be given of a disinterested Piety and Unshaken Conscience.

This is what we may certainly reckon amongst the Benefits YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS has confer'd upon us. Tho' at the same time, how partial soever we may be to our selves, we ought not to believe

lieve You declin'd the First Crown of  
*Europe* in regard to *Britain* only. No  
MADAM, it is in Justice to YOUR  
ROYAL HIGHNESS that we must con-  
fess, you had more excellent Motives for so  
great an Action as that was. Since You  
did it, in Obedience to the Dictates of Rea-  
son and Conscience, for the Sake of True  
Religion, and for the Honour of God.  
All things that are Great have been offer'd  
to You, and all things that are Good and  
Happy, as well in this World as a Better,  
shall become the Reward of such Exalted  
Virtue and Piety. The Blessings of our  
Nation, the Prayers of our Church, with  
the faithful Service of all good Men, shall  
wait upon YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS  
as long as You live. And whenever, for  
the Punishment of this Land, You shall  
be taken from us, your Sacred Name shall  
be dear to Remembrance, and Almighty  
God, who alone is able, shall bestow upon  
you the Fulness of Recompence.

Amongst

## DEDICATION. vii

Amongst the several Offerings of Duty  
which are made to You here, be gra-  
ciously pleas'd to accept of this Unworthy  
Trifle; which is, with the greatest Re-  
spect and lowest Submission, presented to  
YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS, by,

MADAM,

YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS'S

Most Obedient,

Most Devoted, and

Most Faithful

Humble Servant,

N. ROWE.

and to engrave OI received from



## P R E F A C E.

T

HO I have very little Inclination to write Prefaces before Works of this nature, yet, upon this particular Occasion, I cannot but think my self oblig'd to give some short Account of this Play, as well in justice to my self, as to a very Learned and Ingenious Gentleman, my Friend, who is dead. The Person I mean was Mr. Smith of Christ-Church, Oxon: one whose Character I could with great pleasure enter into, if it was not already very well known to the World. As I had the Happiness to be intimately acquainted with him, he often told me that he design'd writing a Tragedy upon the Story of the Lady Jane Gray; and if he had liv'd, I should never have thought of meddling with it my self. But as he dy'd without doing it in the beginning of the last Summer, I resolv'd to undertake it. And indeed the hopes I had of receiving some considerable Assistance from the Papers he left behind him, were one of the principal Motives that induc'd me to go about it. These Papers were in the hands of Mr. Ducket, to whom my Friend Mr. Tho. Burnett was so kind to write and procure it for me. The least Return I can make to those Gentlemen is this publick Acknowledgment of their great Civility on the occasion.

ccasion. I must confess, before those Papers came to my  
and I had intirely form'd the Design or Fable of my own  
play: And when I came to look 'em over, I found it was  
very different from that which Mr. Smith intended; the  
plan of his being drawn after that, which is in Print, of  
Mr. Banks: at least I thought so, by what I could pick out  
of his Papers. To say the truth, I was a good deal sur-  
priz'd and disappointed at the sight of 'em. I hop'd to have  
set with great part of the Play written to my hand, or at  
least the whole Design regularly drawn out. Instead of that,  
I found the quantity of about two Quires of Paper written over  
odd pieces, blotted, interlin'd and confus'd. What was  
intend'd in 'em in general, was loose Hints of Sentiments,  
and short obscure Sketches of Scenes. But how they were  
to be apply'd, or in what order they were to be rang'd, I  
could not by any Diligence of mine (and I look'd 'em very  
carefully over more than once) come to understand. One  
scene there was, and one only, that seem'd pretty near per-  
fect; in which Lord Guilford singly persuades the Lady  
to take the Crown. From that I borrow'd all that I  
could, and inserted it in my own third Act. But indeed the  
anner and Turn of his Fable was so different from mine,  
that I could not take above five and twenty or thirty Lines at  
most; and even in those I was oblig'd to make some Al-  
teration. I should have been very glad to have come into a  
partnership of Reputation with so fine a Writer as Mr. Smith  
but in truth his Hints were so short and dark (many  
of them mark'd ev'n in Short-Hand) that they were of little  
or service to me. They might have serv'd as Indexes to  
my own Memory, and he might have form'd a Play out of  
them;

## The PREFACE.

King, but I dare say, no body else could. In one Part of Design he seem'd to differ from Mr. Banks, whose Talk generally design'd to follow; since I observ'd in many those short Sketches of Scenes he had introduc'd Queen Mary. He seem'd to intend her Character Pitiful and inclining to Mercy, but w<sup>g</sup> it off to Cruelty by the Rage and bloody Dispositions of Bonner and Gardiner. This Hint I had likewise taken from the late Bishop of Salisbury's History of the Reformation; who lays, and I believe very justly, horrible Cruelties that were acted at that time, rather to the charge of that Persecuting Spirit by which the Clergy were then animated, than to the Queen's own natural Disposition.

Many People believ'd, or at least said, that Mr. Smith left a Play very near entire behind him. All that I am so far, as, that it was not so in fact: I should have made scruple of taking three, four, or even the whole five lines from him; but then I hope I should have had the Honor to let the World know they were his, and not take another Man's Reputation to my self.

This is what I thought necessary to say, as well on my own account, as in regard to the Memory of my Friend.

For the Play, such as it is, I leave it to prosper or not: I have resolv'd never to trouble the World with publick Apologies for my Writings of this kind, as much as I have been provok'd to it. I shall turn this my young Child out into the World, with no other Provision than the Saying which I remember to have seen before me in Mrs. Behn's.

Va l. mon Enfant prend ta Fortune.

P R

# PROLOGUE:

Spoken by Mr. Booth

To-night the Noblest Subject swells our Scene,  
A Heroine, a Martyr, and a Queen.  
And tho the Poet dares not boast his Art,  
The very Thence shall something Great impart,  
To warm the generous Soul, and touch the tender Heart.

To you, Fair Judges, we the Cause submit ;  
Your Eyes shall tell us how the Tale is writ.

If your soft pity waits upon our Woe,  
If silent Tears for suff'ring Virtue flow ;  
Your Grief the Mau's Labour shall confess,  
The lively Passions, and the just Distress.

Ob could our Author's Pencil justly paint,  
Such as she was in Life, the Beauteous Saint ;  
Boldly your strict Attention might we claim,  
And bid you mark, and copy out the Dame.

No wandring Glance one wanton Thought confess'd,  
No guilty Wish infus'd her spotless Breast :  
The only Love that warm'd her blooming Youth,  
Was, Husband, England, Liberty, and, Truth.

For these she fell ; while, with too weak a Hand,  
She strove to save a blind ungrateful Land.

But thus the secret Laws of Fate would beth  
WILLIAM's Great Hand was doom'd to break that Chain,  
And end the Hopes of Rome's Tyrannick Reign.

For ever, as the circling Tears return,  
Ye grateful Britons ! crown the Hero's Urn.  
To his just Care you ev'ry Blessing owe,  
Which, or his own, or following Reigns bestow.

Tho his hand Egg, a Father's Name deriv'd, to aino,  
To you a Father, be that Lots supply'd.

Then while you view the Royal Lines increase,  
And count the Pledges of your future Peace ;  
From this great Stock while still new Glorys come,  
Conquest abroad, and Liberty at home ;

While you behold the Beautiful and Brave,  
Bright Princesses to grace you, Kings to save,  
Enjoy the Gift, but bless the Hand that gave.

THE  
A U D I O R Y

Dramatis Personæ.

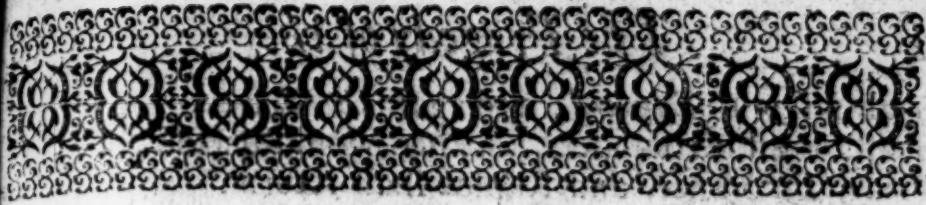
M E N.

Duke of Northumberland,	Mr. Mills.
Duke of Suffolk,	Mr. Boman.
Lord Guilford Dudley,	Mr. Booth.
Earl of Pembroke,	Mr. Elrington.
Earl of Sussex,	Mr. Ryan.
Gardiner Bishop of Winchester,	Mr. Cibber.
Sir John Gates,	Mr. Shepherd.
Lieutenant of the Tower,	Mr. Quin.
Captain of the Guard,	Mr. Maddocks.

W O M E N.

Duchess of Suffolk,	Mrs. Porter.
Lady Jane Gray,	Mrs. Oldfield.

Lords of the Council, Gentlemen, Guards, Women,  
and Attendants.



## ACT I. SCENE I.

Scene, *The Court.*

Enter the Duke of NORTHUMBERLAND, Duke of SUFFOLK, and Sir JOHN GATES.

North. **T**IS all in vain, Heaven has requir'd its Pledge,  
And he must die.

Suff. Is there an honest Heart,  
That loves our *England*, does not mourn for *Edward*?  
The Genius of our Isle is shook with Sorrow,  
He bows his venerable Head with Pain,  
And labours with the Sicknes of his Lord.  
Religion melts in ev'ry holy Eye,  
All comfortles, afflicted and forlorn  
She sits on Earth, and weeps upon her Cross :  
Weary of Man, and his detested Ways,  
Ev'n now she seems to meditate her Flight,  
And waft her Angel to the Thrones above.

North. Ay, there, my Lord, you touch our heaviest Loss.  
With him our holy Faith is doom'd to suffer ;  
With him our Church shall vail her sacred Front,  
That late from Heaps of *Gothick* Ruins rose,  
In her first native simple Majesty ;  
The Toil of Saints, and Price of Martyr's Blood

B

Shall

## The Tragedy of the

Shall fail with *Edward*; and again *Old Rome*  
 Shall spread her Banners, and her Monkish Host;  
 Pride, Ignorance, and Rapine shall return;  
 Blind bloody Zeal, and cruel Priestly Power  
 Shall scourge the Land for ten dark Ages more.

*Sir J. Gates.* Is there no Help in all the healing Art,  
 No potent Juice or Drug to save a Life  
 So precious, and prevent a Nation's Fate?

*North.* What has been left untry'd that Art could do?  
 The hoary wrinkled Leach has watch'd and toil'd,  
 Try'd ev'ry Health-restoring Herb and Gum,  
 And weary'd out his painful Skill in vain.  
 Close, like a Dragon folded in his Den,  
 Some secret Venom preys upon his Heart.  
 A stubborn and unconquerable Flame  
 Creeps in his Veins, and drinks the Streams of Life:  
 His youthful Sinews are unstrung, cold Sweats  
 And deadly Paleness sit upon his Visage,  
 And ev'ry Gasp we look shall be his last.

(Faction)  
*Sir J. Gates.* Doubt not, your Graces, but the Popish  
 Will at this Juncture urge their utmost Force.  
 All, on the Princess *Mary*, turn their Eyes,  
 Well hoping she shall build again their Altars,  
 And bring their Idol-Worship back in Triumph.

*North.* Good Heaven ordain some better Fate for *England*!

*Suff.* What better can we hope, if she should Reign?  
 I know her well, a blinded Zealot. She,  
 A gloomy Nature, full of and severe,  
 Nurtur'd by proud presuming Romish Preists,  
 Taught to believe they only cannot err,  
 Because they cannot err; bred up in Scorn  
 Of Reason, and the whole Lay World; Instructed  
 To hate whoe'er dissent from what they teach,  
 To purge the World from Heresy by Blood,  
 To massacre a Nation, and believe it

# Lady JANE GRAY.

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An Act well pleasing to the Lord of Mercy.

These are thy Gods, Oh *Rome*! and this thy Faith.

*North.* And shall we tamely yield our selves to Bondage?

Bow down before these holy Purple Tyrants,  
And bid 'em tread upon our flavid Necks?

No, let this faithful free-born English Hand

First dig my Grave in Liberty and Honour.

And tho' I found but one more thus resolv'd,

That honest Man and I wou'd die together.

*Suff.* Doubt not, there are ten Thousand, and ten Thousand,  
To own a Cause so just.

*Sir J. Gates.* The List I gave  
Into your Grace's Hand last Night, declares  
My Power and Friends at full.

[to *Northumb.*]

*North.* Be it your Care,

Good Sir *John Gates*, to see your Friends appointed,

And ready for the Occasion. Halt this Instant,

Loose not a Moment's time.

*Sir J. Gates.* I go, my Lord. [Exit *Sir J. Gates.*]

*North.* Your Grace's Princely Daughter, Lady *JANE*,  
Is she yet come to Court?

*Suff.* Not yet arriv'd:

But with the soonest I expect her here.

I know her Duty to the dying King,

Join'd with my strict Commands to hasten hither,

Will bring her on the Wing.

*North.* Beseech your Grace,

To speed another Messenger to press her;

Or on her happy Presence all our Counsels

Depend, and take their Fate.

*Suff.* Upon the Instant

Your Grace shall be obey'd. I go to summon her.

[Exit *Suff.*]

*North.* What trivial Influences hold Dominion

Over wise Mens Counsels, and the Fate of Empire?

B 2

The

## The Tragedy of the

The greatest Schemes that human Wit can forge,  
 Or bold Ambition dares to put in practice,  
 Depend upon our husbanding a Moment,  
 And the light lasting of a Woman's Will.  
 As if the Lord of Nature shou'd delight  
 To hang this ponderous Globe upon a Hair,  
 And bid it dance before a Breath of Wind.  
 She must be here, and lodg'd in *Guilford's Arms*,  
 E'er *Edward* dies, or all we've done is marr'd.  
 Ha! *Pembroke*! that's a Bar which thwarts my Way,  
 His fiery Temper brooks not Opposition,  
 And must be met with soft and supple Arts ;  
 With crouching Courtesy, and honey'd Words,  
 Such as asswage the Fierce, and bend the Strong.

### Enter the Earl of Pembroke.

Good morrow, Noble *Pembroke*, we have stay'd  
 The Meeting of the Council for your Presence.

*Pemb.* For mine, my Lord! you mock your Servant, sure,  
 To say that I am wanted, where your self,  
 The Great *Alcides* of our State is present.  
 Whatever Dangers menace Prince or People,  
 Our Great *Northumberland* is arm'd to meet 'em ;  
 The ablest Head, and firmest Heart you bear,  
 Nor need a second in the glorious Task ;  
 Equal your self to all the Toils of Empire.

*North.* No, as I honour Virtue : I have try'd,  
 And know my Strength too well ; nor can the Voice  
 Of friendly Flattery, like your's, deceive me...  
 I know my Temper liable to Passions,  
 And all the Frailties common to our Nature ;  
 Blind to Events, too easy of Perswasion,  
 And often, too too often have I err'd.  
 Much therefore have I need of some good Man,  
 Some wise and honest Heart, whose friendly Aid

Migh

ight guide my treading thro' our present Dangers.  
nd by the Honour of my Name I swear,  
know not one of all our *English* Peers,  
whom I would choose for that best Friend, like *Pembroke*.  
*Pem.* What shall I answer to a Trust so noble,  
his Prodigality of Praise and Honour?  
ere not your Grace too Generous of Soul,  
o speak a Language differing from your Heart,  
ow might I think you could not mean this Goodness,  
o one whom his Ill-Fortune has ordain'd  
the Rival of your Son.

*North.* No more! I scorn a Thought  
o much below the Dignity of Virtue.  
Tis true I look on *Guildford* like a Father,  
ean to his Side and see but half his Failings:  
ut on a Point like this, when equal Merit  
ands forth to make its bold Appeal to Honour,  
nd calls to have the Ballance held in Justice;  
way with all the Fondnesses of Nature!

Judge of *Pembroke* and my Son alike.

*Pem.* I ask no more to bind me to your Service.

*North.* The Realm is now at Hazard: and bold Factions  
threaten Change, Tumult and disastrous Days.  
hese Fears drive out the gentler Thoughts of Joy,  
Courtship and of Love. Grant Heaven the State  
o fix in Peace and Safety once again;  
hen speak your Passion to the Princely Maid,  
nd fair Success attend you. For my self,  
y Voice shall go as far for you, my Lord,  
s for my Son, and Beauty be the Umpire.  
ut now a heavier Matter calls upon us,  
he King with Life just Lab'ring; and I fear,  
he Council grow impatient at our Stay.

*Pem.* One Moments Pause, and I attend your Grace.

[Exit *North.*  
Old]

Old *Winchester* cries to me oft, beware  
 Of Proud *Northumberland*. The Testy Prelate,  
 Froward with Age, with disappointed Hopes,  
 And zealous for old *Rome*, rails on the Duke,  
 Suspecting him to favour the New Teachers.  
 Yet ev'n in that, if I judge right, he errs.  
 But were it so, what are these Clergy Quarrels,  
 These wordy Wars of proud ill-manner'd Schoolmen  
 To us and our Lay-Interests? Let 'em rail  
 And worry one another at their Pleasure.  
 This Duke of late by many worthy Offices  
 Has sought my Friendship. And yet more,—his Son,  
 The noblest Youth our *England* has to boast of,  
 The gentlest Nature and the bravest Spirit,  
 Has made me long the Partner of his Breast.  
 Nay when he found in Spite of the Resistance  
 My strugling Heart had made, to do him Justice,  
 That I was grown his Rival; he strove hard,  
 And would not turn me forth from out his Bosom,  
 But call'd me still his Friend. And see! he comes.

*Enter Lord GUILFORD.*

Oh! *Guilford* just as thou wer't entring here,  
 My Thought was running all thy Virtues over,  
 And wond'ring how thy Soul could choose a Partner,  
 So much unlike it self.

*Guil.* How cou'd my Tongue  
 Take Pleasure and be lavish in thy Praife!  
 How cou'd I speak thy Nobleness of Nature,  
 Thy open manly Heart, thy Courage, Constancy,  
 And inborn Truth unknowing to dissemble!  
 Thou art the Man in whom my Soul delights,  
 In whom next Heaven I trust.

*Pem.* Oh! generous Youth!  
 What can a Heart stubborn and fierce like mine,

## Lady JANE GRAY.

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urn to all thy Sweetness? — Yet I would  
ould be grateful, — Oh my Cruel Fortune!  
'd I had never seen her! never cast  
Eyes on *Suffolk's Daughter*.

ail. So wou'd I;  
e'twas my Fate to see and love her first.

em. Oh why should she, that Universal Goodness,  
Light a common Blessing to the World,  
like a Comet fatal to our Friendship,  
threaten it with Ruin?

ail. Heaven forbid!

tell me *Pembroke*, Is it not in Virtue,  
arm against this proud imperious Passion?  
Holy Friendship dwelt so near to Envy,  
could not bear to see another happy?  
ind mistaking Chance and partial Beauty  
ld join to favour *Guilford*. —

em. Name it not,  
fiery Spirits kindle at the Thought,  
hurry me to Rage.

ail. And yet I think,  
ould not murmur were thy Lot to prosper,  
mine to be refus'd. Tho' sure the Loss  
d wound me to the Heart.

em. Ha! coud'st thou bear it?

yet perhaps thou might'st. Thy gentle Temper,  
m'd with Passions mixt in due Proportion,  
t no one overbeats nor plays the Tyrant,  
oin in Nature's Busines, and thy Happiness:  
e mine disdaining Reason and her Laws,  
all thou can'st imagine wild and furious,  
drive me head-long on, now whirl me back,  
hurry my unstable fitting Soul  
v'ry mad Extream. Then Pity me,  
let my Weaknes stand. —

En-

*The Tragedy of the**Enter a Messenger.**Mess.* The Lords of Council

Wait with Impatience —

*Pem.* I attend their Pleasure.[Exit *Mess.*]This only, and no more then. Whatsoever  
Fortune decrees, still let us call to Mind.Our Friendship and our Honour. And since Love  
Condemns us to be Rivals for one Prize,Let us contend as Friends and brave Men ought;  
With Openness and Justice to each other.That he who wins the Fair one to his Arms,  
May take her as the Crown of great Desert:

And if the wretched Loser does repine,

His own Heart and the World may all condemn him.

[Exit *Pem.*]*Guil.* How cross the Ways of Life lye ! while we thin  
We travel on direct in one high Road,

And have our Journey's End oppos'd in View,

A Thousand thwarting Paths break in upon us,  
To puzzle and perplex our wandring Steps.Love, Friendship, Hatred, in their Turns mislead us,  
As ev'ry Passion has its separate Interest.Where is that piercing Foresight can unfold,  
Where all this mazy Error will have end,And tell the Doom reserv'd for me and *Pembroke* ?

There is but one End certain, that is — Death.

Yet ev'n that Certainty is still incertain.

For of these several Tracks which lye before us,  
We know that one leads certainly to Death,But know not which that one is. 'Tis in vain  
This blind divining, let me think no more on't.

And see the Mistress of our Fate appears !

# Lady JANE GRAY.

9

Enter *Lady JANE GRAY.* Attendants.

Hail Princely Maid ! who with auspicious Beauty,  
Cear'st every drooping Heart in this sad Place ;  
Who, like the Silver Regent of the Night,  
Lift'st up thy sacred Beams upon the Land,  
To bid the Gloomy look gay, dispell our Horrors,  
And make us less lament the setting Sun.

*L.J.G.* Yes, *Guilford*, well dost thou compare my Presence,  
To the faint Comfort of the waining Moon ;  
Like her cold Orb, a chearless Gleam I bring,  
Silence and Heaviness of Heart, with Dews  
To dress the Face of Nature all in Tears.

But say how fares the King ?

*Guil.* He lives as yet,  
But ev'ry Moment cuts away a Hope,  
Adds to our Fears, and gives the Infant Saint  
A nearer Prospect of his opening Heaven.

*L.J. Gray.* Descend ye Quires of Angels to receive him,  
Tune your melodious Harps to some high Strain,  
And waft him upwards with a Song of Triumph ;  
A purer Soul and one more like your selves,  
Ne'er enter'd at the golden Gates of Bliss.

Oh *Guilford* ! what remains for wretched *England*,  
When he our Guardian Angel shall forsake us ?  
Or whose dear Sake Heaven spar'd a guilty Land,  
And scatter'd not its Plagues while *Edward* reign'd.

*Guil.* I own my Heart bleeds inward at the Thought,  
And rising Horrors crowd the opening Scene.  
And yet forgive me, thou my native Country,  
Thou Land of Liberty, thou Nurse of Heroes,  
Forgive me, if in Spight of all thy Dangers,  
New Springs of Pleasure flow within my Bosom,  
When thus 'tis giv'n me to behold those Eyes,  
Thus gaze and wonder, how excelling Nature

C

Can

*The Tragedy of the*

Can give each Day new Patterns of her Skill,  
And yet at once surpafs 'em.

*L. J. Gray.* Oh vain Flattery!

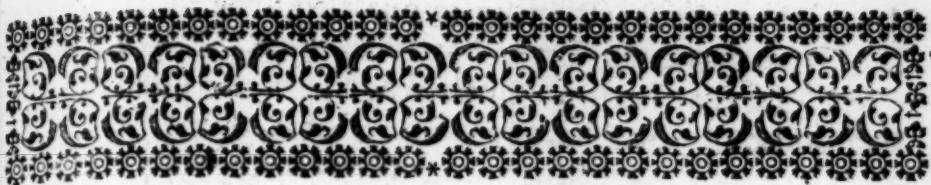
Harsh and ill sounding ever to my Ear,  
But on a Day like this the Raven's Note,  
Strikes on my Sense more sweetly. But no more,  
I charge thee touch'th' ungrateful Theme no more.  
Lead me to pay my Duty to the King,  
To wet his pale cold Hand with these last Tears,  
And share the Blessings of his parting Breath.

*Guil.* Were I like dying *Edward*, sure a Touch,  
Of this dear Hand, would kindle Life anew.  
But I obey, I dread that gath'ring Frown,  
And oh! whene'er my Bosom swells with Passion,  
And my full Heart is pain'd with ardent Love,  
Allow me but to look on you and sigh,  
'Tis all the humble Joy that *Guilford* asks.

*L. J. G.* Still wilt thou frame thy Speech to this vain Purpose?  
When the wan King of Terrors stalks before us,  
When Universal Ruin gathers round,  
And no Escape is left us? Are we not,  
Like Wretches in a Storm, whom ev'ry Moment,  
The greedy Deep is gaping to devour?  
Around us see the pale despairing Crew,  
Wring their sad Hands and give their Labour over;  
The Hope of Life has ev'ry Heart forsook,  
And Horror sits on each distracted Look,  
One solemn Thought of Death does all employ,  
And cancels like a Dream Delight and Joy,  
One Sorrow streams from all their weeping Eyes,  
And one consenting Voice for Mercy cries,  
Trembling they dread just Heav'n's avenging Power,  
Mourn their past Lives, and wait the fatal Hour.

[Exe]

*The End of the First Act.*



ACT II. SCENE I.

Scene *continues.*

Enter the Duke of NORTHUMBERLAND, and the Duke of SUFFOLK.

*Nor.* YET then be chear'd my Heart amidst thy Mourning,  
Tho' Fate hang heavy o'er us, tho' pale Fear,  
And wild Distraction sit on ev'ry Face,  
Tho' never Day of Grief was known like this,  
Let me rejoice, and bleſs the hallowed Light,  
Whose Beams auspicious shine upon our Union,  
And bid me call the Noble *Suffolk* Brother.

*Suff.* I know not what my secret Soul presages,  
But something seems to whisper me within,  
That we have been too hasty. For my self,  
I wish this Matter had been yet delay'd;  
That we had waited some more blessed Time,  
Some better Day with happier Omens hallowed,  
For Love to kindle up his holy Flame.  
But you, my noble Brother, wou'd prevail,  
And I have yielded to you.

*North.* Doubt not any Thing;  
Nor hold the Hour unlucky. That good Heaven,  
Who softens the Corrections of his Hand,  
And mixes still a Comfort with Afflictions,

Has giv'n to Day a Blessing in our Children,  
To wipe away our Tears for dying *Edward*.

*Suff.* In that I trust. Good Angels be our Guard,  
And make my Fears prove vain. But see ! my Wife !  
With her your Son the generous *Guilford* comes,  
She has inform'd him of our present Purpose.

*Enter the Dutches of Suffolk, and Lord Guilford.*

*L. Guil.* How shall I speak the Fulness of my Heart ?  
What shall I say to bless you for this Goodness ?  
Oh ! gracious Princess ! but my Life is your's,  
And all the Busines of my Years to come,  
Is to attend with humblest Duty on you,  
And pay my vow'd Obedience at your Feet.

*Dutc. Suff.* Yes, noble Youth, I share in all thy Joys,  
In all the Joys which this sad Day can give.  
The dear Delight I have to call thee Son,  
Comes like a Cordial to my drooping Spirits ;  
It broods with gentle Warmth upon my Bosom,  
And melts that Frost of Death which hung about me.  
But haft ! inform my Daughter of our Pleasure,  
Let thy Tongue put on all it's pleasing Eloquence,  
Instruct thy Love to speak of Comfort to her,  
To sooth her Griefs and chear the mourning Maid.

*North.* All desolate and drown'd in flowing Tears,  
By *Edward*'s Bed the pious Princess sits.  
Fast from her lifted Eyes the Pearly Drops,  
Fall trickling o'er her Cheek, while Holy Ardor,  
And fervent Zeal pour forth her lab'ring Soul ;  
And ev'ry Sigh is wing'd with Pray'r's so potent,  
As strive with Heav'n to save her dying Lord.

*Dutc. Suff.* From the first early Days of Infant Life,  
A gentle Band of Friendship grew betwixt 'em..  
And while our royal Uncle *Henry* reign'd,  
As Brother and as Sister bred together,

neath one common Parent's Care they liv'd.  
North. A wondrous Sympathy of Souls conspir'd,  
form the sacred Union. Lady JANE,  
all his royal Blood was still the dearest :  
ev'ry innocent Delight they shar'd,  
ey fung and danc'd, and sat and walk'd together.  
y, in the graver Business of his Youth,  
en Books and Learning call'd him from his Sports,  
n there the princely Maid was his Companion.  
left the shining Court to share his Toil,  
turn with him the grave Historians Page,  
d taste the Rapture of the Poet's Song ;  
search the *Latin* and the *Grecian* Stores,  
d wonder at the mighty Minds of old.

Enter Lady JANE GRAY weeping.

J. Gray. Wo't thou not break my Heart ! —

Suff. Alas ! what mean'st thou ?

Sil. Oh speak !

Dr. Suff. How fares the King ?

North. Say ! Is he dead ?

J. Gray. The Saints and Angels have him.

Dut. Suff. When I left him

seem'd a little chear'd, just as you enter'd. —

J. Gray. As I approach'd to kneel and pay my Duty,  
rais'd his feeble Eyes, and faintly smiling,  
you then come ? he cry'd. I only liv'd,  
bid farewell to thee my gentle Cousin,  
peak a few short Words to thee and dye.

that he prest my Hand, and Oh ; — he said,

l am gone do thou be good to *England* ;

to that Faith in which we both were bred, .

to the End be constant. More I wou'd,

cannot, — there his falt'ring Spirits fail'd,

turning ev'ry Thought from Earth at once,

To that blest Place where all his Hopes were fix'd,  
 Earnest he pray'd, —— Mercyful, great Defender!  
 Preserve thy holy Altars undefil'd,  
 Protect this Land from bloody Men and Idols,  
 Save my poor People from the Yoak of *Rome*,  
 And take thy painful Servant to thy Mercy.  
 Then sinking on his Pillow with a Sigh,  
 He breath'd his innocent and faithful Soul,  
 Into his Hands who gave it.

*Guil.* Crowns of Glory,  
 Such as the brightest Angels wear, be on him;  
 Peace guard his Ashes here, and Paradice  
 With all its endless Bliss be open to him.

*North.* Our Grief be on his Grave. Our present D  
 Injoins to see his last Commands obey'd.  
 I hold it fit his Death be not made known,  
 To any but our Friends. To Morrow early  
 The Council shall assemble at the Tower.  
 Mean while, I beg your Grace would strait inform

[to *Duchess of S*]

Your Princely Daughter of our Resolution.  
 Our common Interest in that happy Tye,  
 Demands our swiftest Care to see it finish'd.

*D. S.* My Lord, you have determin'd well. Lord Gr  
 Be it your Task to speak at large our Purpose.  
 Daughter, receive this Lord as one whom I,  
 Your Father and his own, ordain your Husband.  
 What more concerns our Will and your Obedience,  
 We leave you to receive from him at leisure.

[*Exeunt Duke and Duchess of S*  
 and *Duke of Northumber*]

*Guil.* Wo't thou not spare a Moment from thy Son  
 And bid these bubbling Streams forbear to flow?  
 Wo't thou not give one interval to Joy,  
 One little Pause while humbly I unfold

the happiest Tale my Tongue was ever blest with ?

L. J. Gray. My Heart is cold within me, ev'ry Sense,  
dead to Joy, but I will hear thee, *Guilford*,  
y, I must hear thee, such is her Command,  
hom early Duty taught me still t'obey.

it oh ! forgive me if to all thy Story,  
o' Eloquence divine attend thy speaking,  
o' ev'ry Muse and ev'ry Grace do crown thee,  
give me if I cannot better answer,  
an weeping—thus—and thus—.

Guil. If I offend thee,  
t me be dumb for ever, let not Life,  
orm these breathing Organs of my Voice,  
any Sound from me disturb thy Quiet.  
hat is my Peace or Happiness to thine ?  
o, tho' our noble Parents had decreed,  
nd urg'd high Reasons which import the State,  
is Night to give thee to my faithful Arms,  
y fairest Bride, my only earthly Bliss—

L. J. Gray. How *Guilford* ? on this Night ?  
Guil. This happy Night.

if thou art resolv'd to cross my Fate,  
this my utmost Wish shall give thee Pain,  
ow rather let the Stroke of Death fall on me,  
nd stretch me out a lifeless Coarse before thee,  
t me be swept away with Things forgotten,  
huddl'd up in some obscure blind Grave,  
er thou shoud'st say my Love has made thee wretched,  
drop one single Tear for *Guilford's* Sake.

L. J. Gray. Alas ! I have too much of Death already,  
nd want not thine to furnish out new Horror.

! dreadful Thought ! If thou wert dead indeed,  
hat Hope were left me then ! Yes I will own,  
ite of the Blush that burns my Maiden Cheek,  
y Heart has fondly lean'd toward thee long :

Thy

Thy Sweetness, Virtue and unblemish'd Youth,  
 Have won a Place for thee within my Bosom :  
 And if my Eyes look coldly on thee now,  
 And shun thy Love on this disastrous Day,  
 It is because I would not deal so hardly,  
 To give thee Sighs for all thy faithful Vows,  
 And pay thy Tenderness with nought but Tears.  
 And yet 'tis all I have.

*Guil.* I ask no more,  
 Let me but call thee mine, confirm that Hope,  
 To charm the Doubts which vex my anxious Soul,  
 For all the rest, do thou allot it for me,  
 And at thy Pleasure portion out my Blessings.  
 My Eyes shall learn to smile or weep from thine,  
 Nor will I think of Joy while thou art sad.  
 Nay, coud'st thou be so cruel to command it,  
 I will forego a Bridegroom's sacred Right,  
 And sleep far from thee, on the unwholesom Earth,  
 Where Damps arise and whistling Winds blow loud.  
 Then when the Day returns come drooping to thee,  
 My Locks still drizzling with the Dews of Night,  
 And cheer my Heart with thee as with the Morning.

*L. J. G.* Say, wo't thou consecrate the Night to Sorrow  
 And give up ev'ry Sense to solemn Sadness ?  
 Wo't thou in watching wast the tedious Hours,  
 Sit silently and careful by my Side,  
 List to the tolling Clocks, the Crickets Cry,  
 And ev'ry melancholy Midnight Noise ?  
 Say, wo't thou banish Pleasure and Delight,  
 Wo't thou forget that ever we have lov'd,  
 And only now and then let fall a Tear,  
 To mourn for *Edward's* Loss and *England's* Fate ?

*Guil.* Unweary'd still I will attend thy Woes,  
 And be a very faithful Partner to thee.

Near thee I will complain in Sighs as numberless,  
As Murmurs breathing in the leafy Grove :  
My Eyes shall mix their falling Drops with thine,  
Constant, as never-ceasing Waters roll,  
That purl and gurgle o'er their Sands for ever.  
The Sun shall see my Grief thro' all his Course ;  
And when Night comes, sad *Philomel* who plains,  
From starry Vesper to the rosy Dawn,  
Shall cease to tune her lamentable Song,  
E'er I give o'er to weep and mourn with thee.

L. J. Gray. Here then I take thee to my Heart for ever,  
[Giving her Hand.

The dear Companion of my future Days :  
Whatever Providence allots for each,  
Be that the common Portion of us both.  
Share all the Griefs of thy unhappy JANE ;  
But if good Heav'n have any Joy in Store,  
Let that be all thy own.

Guil. Thou wondrous Goodness !  
Heav'n gives too much at once in giving thee.  
And by the common Course of Things below,  
Where each Delight is temper'd with Affliction,  
Some Evil terrible and unforeseen,  
Must sure ensue, to poize the Scale against  
This vast Profusion of exceeding Pleasure ;  
But be it so, let it be Death and Ruin,  
On any Terms I take thee.

L. J. Gray. Trust our Fate,  
To Him whose gracious Wisdom guides our Ways,  
And makes what we think Evil turn to Good.  
Permit me now to leave thee and retire ;  
I'll summon all my Reason and my Duty,  
To sooth this Storm within, and frame my Heart,  
To yield Obedience to my noble Parents.

Guil. Good Angels minister their Comforts to thee.

D And

And Oh! If as my fond Belief would hope,  
 If any Word of mine be gracious to thee,  
 I beg thee, I conjure thee, drive away  
 Those murd'rous Thoughts of Grief that kill thy Quiet.  
 Restore thy gentle Bosom's native Peace,  
 Lift up the Light of Gladness in thy Eyes,  
 And cheer my Heaviness with one dear Smile.

L. J. Gray. Yes *Guilford*, I will study to forget  
 All that the Royal *Edward* has been to me,  
 How we have lov'd, ev'n from our very Cradles.  
 My private Loss no longer will I mourn,  
 But ev'ry tender Thought to thee shall turn.  
 With Patience I'll submit to Heav'n's Decree,  
 And what I lost in *Edward*, find in thee.  
 But oh! when I revolve, what Ruins wait  
 Our sinking Altars, and the falling State;  
 When I consider what my native Land,  
 Expected from her pious Sov'reign's Hand,  
 How form'd he was to save her from Distress,  
 A King to govern, and a Saint to bless:  
 New Sorrow to my lab'ring Breast succeeds,  
 And my whole Heart for wretched *England* bleeds.

[Exit *Lady JANE GRAY*]

*Guil.* My Heart sinks in me at her soft complaining,  
 And ev'ry moving Accent that she breaths,  
 Resolves my Courage, slackens my tough Nerves,  
 And melts me down to Infancy and Tears.  
 My Fancy palls, and takes Distraught at Pleasure;  
 My Soul grows out of Tune, it loathes the World,  
 Sickens at all the Noise and Folly of it;  
 And I could sit me down in some dull Shade,  
 Where lonely Contemplation keeps her Cave,  
 And dwells with hoary Hermits; there forget my self,  
 There fix my stupid Eyes upon the Earth,  
 And muse away an Age in deepest Melancholy.

Enter Pembroke.

Pem. Edward is dead : so said the great Northumberland,  
As now he shot along by me in Hast.  
He press'd my Hand, and in a Whisper beg'd me,  
To guard the Secret carefully as Life,  
Till some few Hours shou'd pass ; for much hung on it.  
Much may indeed hang on it. See my Guilford !

My Friend !

[Speaking to him.

[Starting.

Guil. Ha ! Pembroke !

Pem. Wherefore dost thou start ?

Why sits that wild Disorder on thy Visage,  
Somewhat that looks like Passions strange to thee,  
The Paleness of Surprize, and gastral Fear ?  
Since I have known thee first, and call'd thee Friend,  
I never saw thee so unlike thy self,  
So chang'd upon the sudden.

Guil. How ! so chang'd !

Pem. So to my Eye thou seem'st.

Guil. The King is dead.

Pem. I learn'd it from thy Father,  
Just as I enter'd here. But say, cou'd that,  
A Fate which ev'ry Moment we expected,  
Distract thy Thought, or shock thy Temper thus ?

Guil. Oh ! Pembroke, 'tis in vain to hide from thee ;  
For thou hast look'd into my artless Bosom,  
And seen at once the Hurry of my Soul.

Tis true thy coming strook me with Surprize.

I have a Thought —— but wherefore said I one,  
I have a thousand Thoughts all up in Arms,  
Like populous Towns disturb'd at dead of Night,  
That mixt in Darkness bustle to and fro,  
As if their Busines were to make Confusion.

Pem. Then sure our better Angels call'd me hither.

For this is Friendship's Hour and Friendship's Office,  
 To come when Counsel and when Help is wanting,  
 To share the Pain of every gnawing Care,  
 To speak of Comfort in the Time of Trouble,  
 To reach a Hand and save thee from Adversity.

*Guil.* And wo't thou be a Friend to me indeed ?  
 And while I lay my Bosom bare before thee,  
 Wo't thou deal tenderly, and let thy Hand  
 Pass gently over ev'ry painful Part ?  
 Wo't thou with Patience hear, and judge with Temper ?  
 And if perchance thou meet with somewhat harsh,  
 Somewhat to rouse thy Rage and grate thy Soul,  
 Wo't thou be Master of thy self and bear it ?

*Pem.* Away with all this needless Preparation.  
 Thou know'st thou art so dear, so sacred to me,  
 That I can never think thee an Offender.  
 If it were so, that I indeed must judge thee,  
 I should take part with thee against my self,  
 And call thy Fault a Virtue.

*Guil.* But suppose,  
 The Thought were somewhat that concern'd our Love.

*Pem.* No more, thou know'st we spoke of that to Day,  
 And on what Terms we left it. 'Tis a Subject,  
 Of which if possible, I wou'd not think.  
 I beg that we may mention it no more.

*Guil.* Can we not speak of it with Temper ?

*Pem.* No.

Thou know'st I cannot. Therefore prithee spare it.

*Guil.* Oh ! cou'd the Secret, I would tell thee, sleep,  
 And the World never know it, my fond Tongue,  
 Shou'd cease from speaking, e'er I wou'd unfold it,  
 Or vex thy Peace with an officious Tale.  
 But since how'er ungrateful to thy Ear  
 It must be told thee once, hear it from me.

*Pem.*

Pem. Speak then, and ease the Doubts that shock my Soul.  
Guil. Suppose thy *Guilford's* better Stars prevail,

and crown his Love.

Pem. Say not suppose, 'tis done.

Guil. I had to say if thou didst by any

mek not for vain Excuse nor soft'ning Words,

you hast prevaricated with thy Friend,

under-hand Contrivances undone me;

and while my open Nature trusted in thee,

you hast step'd in between me and my Hopes,

and ravish'd from me all my Soul held dear.

Guil. You hast betray'd me,

Guil. How! betray'd thee! *Pembroke* & *over* *ill* *way* *of* *it*

Pem. Yes, falsely, like a *Traytor*.

Guil. Have a *Care*.

Pem. But think not I will bear the foul Play from thee.

Guil. There was but this which I cou'd ne'er forgive.

Guil. My Soul is up in *Arms*, my injur'd Honour,

patient of the *Wrong*, calls for *Revenge*;

and tho' I lov'd thee fondly—

Guil. Hear me yet,

Guil. *Pembroke* shall acquit me to himself.

Guil. While I tell how Fortune dealt between us,

Guil. I gave the yielding Beauty to my *Arms*.

Pem. What hear it! stand and listen to thy *Triumph*.

Guil. You think it me tame indeed. No, hold I charge thee,

Guil. If I forget that ever we were Friends,

Guil. In the Rage of disappointed Love,

Guil. I'll at once and tear thee for thy *Falshood*.

Guil. Thou warn'st me well; and I were rash as thou art,

Guil. Trust the secret Sum of all my Happiness,

Guil. Tho' one not Master of himself. Farewel.

Pem. Ha! art thou going? Think not thus to part,

Guil. Leave me on the *Rack* of this *Uncertainty*.

Guil. What woud'st thou further?

Pem.

*Pem.* Tell it to me all.  
Say thou art marry'd, say thou hast possess'd her,  
And rioted in vast Excess of Bliss;  
That I may curse my self, and thee, and her.  
Come, tell me how thou didst supplant thy Friend?  
How didst thou look with that betraying Face,  
And smiling plot my Ruin?

*Guil.* Give me Way.  
When thou art better temper'd I may tell thee,  
And vindicate at full my Love and Friendship.  
*Pem.* And do'st thou hope to shun me then, thou Traytor?  
No, I will have it now, this Moment, from thee;  
Or drag the Secret out from thy false Heart.

*Guil.* Away thou Madman! I would talk to Winds,  
And reason with the rude tempestuous Surge,  
Sooner than hold Discourse with Rage like thine.

*Pem.* Tell it, or by my injur'd Love I swear,  
[laying his Hand upon his Sword]  
I'll stab the lurking Treason in thy Heart.  
*Guil.* Ha! Stay thee there; nor let thy frantick Hand,  
[stopping him]  
Unsheath thy Weapon; if the Sword be drawn,  
If once we meet on Terms like those; Farewel  
To ev'ry Thought of Friendship; one must fall.

*Pem.* Curse on thy Friendship, I would break the Band.  
*Guil.* That as you please—beside this Place is sacred,  
And wo'not be profan'd with Brawls and Outrage.  
You know I dare be found on any Summons.

*Pem.* 'Tis well. My Vengeance shall not now loiter long.  
Henceforward let the Thoughts of our past Lives  
Be turn'd to deadly and remorseless Hate.  
Here I give up the empty Name of Friend,  
Renounce all Gentlemanly, all Commerce with thee,  
To Death defy thee as my mortal Foe;

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and when we meet again, may swift Destruction,  
d me of thee, or rid me of my self. [Exit Pembroke.  
Guil. The Fate I ever fear'd is fall'n upon me ;  
d long ago my boding Heart divin'd  
Breach like this from his ungovern'd Rage.

Pembroke ! thou hast done me much Injustice,  
I have born thee true unfeign'd Affection. ▶  
s past and thou art lost to me for ever.  
we is or ought to be our greatest Bliss ;  
ce ev'ry other Joy how dear soever,  
ves way to that, and we leave all for Love..

the Imperious Tyrant's lordly Call,  
Spite of Reason and Restraint we come,  
we Kindred, Parents, and our native Home.  
e trembling Maid, with all her Fears, he charms,  
d pulls her from her weeping Mother's Arms.  
laughs at all our Leagues, and in proud Scorn,  
mands the Bands of Friendship to be torn :  
ains a Partner shou'd partake his Throne,  
reigns unbounded, lawless, and alone.

[Exit.]

*The End of the Second Act.*

## ACT III. SCENE

Scene, *The Tower.**Enter PEMBROKE and GARDINER.*

*Gar.* **N**AY, by the Rood, my Lord, you were to bl  
To let a Hair-brain'd Passion be your Guide  
And hurry you into such mad Extreamis.  
Marry ! you might have made much-worthy Profit,  
By patient hearing ; the unthinking Lord,  
Had brought forth ev'ry Secret of his Soul.  
Then when you were the Master of his Bosom,  
That were the Time to use him with Contempt,  
And turn his Friendship back upon his Hands.

*Pem.* Thou talk'st as if a Madman cou'd be wise.  
Oh ! *Winchester*, thy hoary frozen Age  
Can never gues my Pain ; can never know  
The burning Transports of untam'd Desire.  
I tell thee, Rev'rend Lord, to that one Bliss,  
To the Enjoyment of that lovely Maid,  
As to their Center, I had drawn each Hope,  
And ev'ry Wish my furious Soul could form ;  
Still with Regard to that my Brain forethought,  
And fashion'd ev'ry Action of my Life.  
Then to be rob'd at once, and unsuspecting,  
Be dash'd in all the Height of Expectation,

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It was not to be born.

Gar. Have you not heard of what has happen'd since?

Pem. I have not had a Minutes Peace of Mind,  
A Moments Pause, to rest from Rage, or think.

Gar. Learn it from me then: but or e'er I speak,  
I warn you to be Master of your self,  
Tho', as you know they have confin'd me long,  
Gra'mercy to their Goodness, Pris'ner here;  
Yet as I am allow'd to walk at large  
Within the Tower, and hold free Speech with any;  
I have not dream't away my thoughtless Hours,  
Without good Heed to these our righteous Rulers.

To prove this true, this Morn a trusty Spy,  
Has brought me Word that yester Evening late,  
In Spite of all the Grief for Edward's Death,  
Your Friends were marry'd.

Pem. Marry'd! Who?—Damnation!

Gar. Lord Guilford Dudley, and the Lady JANE.

Pem. Curse on my Stars!

Gar. Nay, in the Name of Grace,  
Restrain this sinful Passion; all's not lost  
In this one single Woman.

Pem. I have lost

More than the Female World can give me back.

I had beheld, ev'n her whole Sex unmov'd,  
Look'd o'er 'em like a Bed of gaudy Flowers,  
That lift their painted Heads and live a Day,  
Then shed their trifling Glories unregarded.  
My Heart disdain'd their Beauties, till she came,  
With ev'ry Grace that Nature's Hand cou'd give,  
And with a Mind so great, it spoke its Essence  
Immortal and Divine.

Gar. She was a Wonder,  
Detraction must allow that.

E

Pem.

*Pem.* The Virtues came,  
Sorted in gentle Fellowship to crown her,  
As if they meant to mend each others Work,  
Candour with Goodness, Fortitude with Sweetness,  
Strict Piety and Love of Truth, with Learning,  
More than the Schools of *Athens* ever knew,  
Or her own *Plato* taught. A Wonder! *Winchester!*  
Thou know'st not what she was, nor can I speak her,  
More than to say, she was that only Blessing  
My Soul was set upon, and I have lost her.

*Gar.* Your State is not so bad as you wou'd make it;  
Nor need you thus abandon ev'ry Hope.

*Pem.* Ha! wo't thou save me, snatch me from Despair,  
And bid me live again?

*Gar.* She may be yours,  
Suppose her Husband die.

*Pem.* O vain vain Hope!

*Gar.* Marry, I do not hold that Hope so vain.  
These Gospellers have had their golden Days,  
And lorded it at Will; with proud Delight,  
Have trodden down our Holy Roman Faith,  
Ransack'd her Shrines, and driv'n her Saints to Exile,  
But if my Divination fail me not,  
Their haughty Hearts shall be abas'd e'er long,  
And feel the Vengeance of our Mary's Reign.

*Pem.* And woud'st thou have my fierce Impatience stay,  
Bid me lye bound upon a Rack, and wait  
For distant Joys, whole Ages yet behind?  
Can Love attend on Politicians Schemes,  
Expect the low Events of cautious Counsels,  
Cold unresolving Heads and creeping Time?

*Gar.* To Day, or I am ill inform'd, *Northumberland*,  
With easy *Suffolk*, *Guilford*, and the rest,  
Meet here in Council on some deep Design.

Som

some traitorous Contrivance, to protec~~vs~~ to destroy & to~~o~~ their upstart Faith from near approaching Ruin. but as yet there are Punishments — Halters and Axes for Traitors, and consuming Flames for Hereticks. the happy Bridegroom may be yet cut short, & when he's in his highest Hope — but go not you, old Dudley, in such a way, by the Holy Rood I charge you mix not with their pernicious Counsels. — Mischief waits 'em, are, certain, unavoidable Destruction. — *Believe me, Bess.*  
Pen. Ha ! join with them & the cursed Dudley's Race ! — who, while they held me in their Arms, betray'd me, & for'd me for not suspecting they were Villains, & made a Mock'ry of my easy Friendship. I follow'd back, & when I do, Dishonour be my Portion,  
And swift Perdition catch me, — join with them !

Gar. I wou'd not have you — this you to the City, — and join with those who love our antient Faith. — Gather your Friends about you, and be ready when your Highness assert our zealous Mary's Royal Tide. — I edd<sup>o</sup> you o<sup>t</sup> — and doubt not but her grateful Hand shall give you to see your Soul's Desire upon your Enemies. — The Church shall pour her ample Treasures forth to you, & pay you with ten thousand Years of Pardon. — No, keep your Blessings back, and give me Vengeance; — come me to tell that soft Deceiver, *Guildford*, — that you ha<sup>t</sup> us Traytor hast thou done, thus hast thou wrong'd me, — and thus thy Treason finds a just Reward. — *Believe me, Bess.* But soft ! no more of the London's th<sup>3</sup> Council come, — by the Mass ! the Bride and Bridegroom too ! Now ad<sup>t</sup> me with me, my Lord, we must not inter' em. — *Believe me, Bess.* 'Tis they themselves, the cursed ! happy Pain ! — *Believe me, Bess.* Winchester, hast like<sup>t</sup> us fly so<sup>t</sup> even, or thou art w<sup>t</sup> h<sup>t</sup> to drive her from my very Thoughts if possible, and bring<sup>t</sup> a fresh edition<sup>t</sup> you ha<sup>t</sup> — *oldan Oh !*

Oh! Love what have I lost! — Oh! Reverend Lord;  
 Pity this fond, this foolish Weakness in me; I  
 Methinks, I go like our first wretched Father,  
 When from his blissful Garden he was driven.  
 Like me he went despairing, and like me,  
 Thus at the Gate stopt short for one last View.  
 Then with the cheerless Partner of his Woe,  
 He turn'd him to the World that lay below.  
 Thore for his Eden's happy Plains beheld,  
 A Barren, wild, uncomfortable Field.  
 He saw 'twas vain the Ruin to deplore,  
 He try'd to give the sad Remembrance o'er,  
 The sad Remembrance still return'd again,  
 And his lost Paradise renew'd his Pain.

[Exeunt Pembroke and Gardiner]

Enter Lord Guilford, and Lady JANE

Gail. What shall I say to thee? What Pow'r Divine,  
 Will teach my Tongue to tell thee what I feel?  
 To pour the Transports of my Bosom forth,  
 And make thee Partner of the Joy dwells there?  
 For thou art comfortless, full of Affliction,  
 Heavy of Heart as the forsaken Widow,  
 And desolate as Orphus. Oh my fair one!  
 Thy Edward shines amongst the brightest Stars,  
 And yet thy Sorrows seek him in the Grave.

Exeunt. Atas, my dearest Lord! a thousand Griefs  
 Beset my anxious Heart, and yet as if  
 The Burthen were too light, I have added  
 The Weight of all thy Gales. And like the Miser,  
 Increase of Wealth has made me but more wretched.  
 The Morning Light seems not to rise as usual;  
 It dawns not to me, like my Virgin Days,  
 But brings new Thoughts and other Fears upon me;  
 Miserable, and my anxious Heart is pain'd,

Least ought but Good should happen to my *Guilford*.

*Guil.* Nothing but Good can happen to thy *Guilford*,

While thou art by his Side, his better Angel,

is Blessing and his Guard.

*L. J.* Why came we hither?

Why was I drawn to this unlucky Place,

his Tower, so often stain'd with Royal Blood?

Where the fourth *Edward*'s helpless Sons were murder'd,

And pious *Henry* fell by Ruthless *Gloster*.

Was this the Place allotted for rejoicing,

The Bower adorn'd to keep our Nuptial Feast in?

He thinks Suspicion and Distrust dwell here,

Arraigning with meager Forms thro' grated Windows.

Death lurks within, and unrelenting Punishment.

Without grim Danger, Fear, and fiercest Power,

On the rude old Tow'rs and Gothic Battlements;

While Horror overlooks the dreadful Wall,

And frowns on all around.

*Guil.* In Safety here,

The Lords o'th' Council have this Morn decreed,

To meet and with united Care support

The feeble tottering State. To thee, my Prince,

whose Royal Veins are rich in *Henry*'s Blood,

With one Consent the noblest Heads are bow'd;

From thee they ask a Sanction to their Counsels,

And from thy healing Hand expect a Cure

Of England's Loss in *Edward*.

*L. J.* How! from me!

My Lord! — but sure thou mean't to mock me.

*Guil.* No, by the Love my faithful Heart is full of,

See, thy Mother, gracious *Suffolk* comes,

To intercept my Story. She shall tell thee,

In her Look I read the lab'ring Thought,

That vast Event thy Fate is now disclosing.

# The Tragedy of the

Enter the Duchess of Suffolk.

Duc. Suff. No more complain, indulge thy Tears no more  
 Thy pious Grief has giv'n the Grave its Due: no more  
 Let thy Heart kindle with the highest Hopes, no more  
 Expand thy Bosom, let thy Soul inlarg'd, no more  
 Make Room to entertain the coming Glory, no more  
 For Majesty and Purple Greatness court thee, no more  
 Homage and low Subjection wait: A Crown, no more  
 That makes the Princes of the Earth like Gods, no more  
 A Crown, my Daughter, *England's Crown* attends, no more  
 To bind thy Brows with its Imperial Wreath.

L. J. Amazement chills my Veins! what says my Mother?

Duc. Suff. 'Tis Heav'n's Decree; for our expiring *Edward*  
 When now just struggling to his native Skies,  
 Ev'n on the Verge of Heav'n, in Sight of Angels,  
 That hover'd round to waft him to the Stars,  
 Ev'n then declar'd my JANE his Successor.

L. J. Could *Edward* do this? could the dying Saint,  
 Bequeath his Crown to me? Oh fatal Bounty!  
 To me! but 'tis impossible! we dreamt.  
 A thousand and a thousand Bars oppose me,  
 Rise in my Way and intercept my Passage.  
 Ev'n you, my gracious Mother, what must you be,  
 E'er I can be a Queen?

Duc. Suff. That and that only, H gril'd y<sup>e</sup> morn  
 Thy Mother, fonder of that tender Name  
 Than all the proud Additions Pow'r can give. WO H.  
 Yes, I will give up all my Share of Greatness,  
 And live in low Obscurity forever,  
 To see thee rais'd thou Darling of my Heart,  
 And fix'd upon a Throne. But see! thy Father,  
*Northumberland*, with all the Council come,  
 To pay their vow'd Allegiance at thy Feet,

# Lady JANE GRAY.

31

kneel and call thee Queen.

L. J. Support me Guilford,  
Give me thy Aid, stay thou my fainting Soul,  
And help me to repres this growing Danger.

er Suffolk, Northumberland, Lords, and others of the

Privy-Council, sprung from ancient Kings;

England's dearest Hope, undoubted Off-spring

York and Lancaster's united Line.

whose bright Zeal, by whose victorious Faith,  
And fence'd around our pure Religion,

Lamp of Truth which shines upon our Altars,

lift its golden Head and flourish long.

With whose awful Rule and righteous Scepter,

plenteous Years shall roll in long Succession;

shall prevail and ancient Right take Place;

Liberty shall lift her cheerful Head,

Teets of Tyranny and proud Oppression,

complaining in our Streets shall cry,

Justice shall be exercis'd in Mercy.

Royal James behold we bend our Knees,

Pledge of Hidngeland, thy Land's Obedience,

Humblest Duty this we kneel, and own thee

Dee, our Sovereign Lady, and our Queen.

Oh if this be my Queen, then I am

Father ris'n is Reals with us all to Suff.

you my Fatherhood and good North.

all! nor other meadow than Conisborough they rize.

means this Mocke, this blasphemous Shew of Greatnes?

do you hang these Pageant Glories on me,

treys me up in bloudous deathly wra?

The Daughter of a late great Master Heavy,

both by her selfe and her Suggession for me,

Her comes a. B. See in this a dreafuly foul

To

To make all firm,  
And fix a Pow'r unquestion'd in your Hand,  
*Edward* by Will bequeath'd his Crown to you,  
And the concurring Lords in Council met, and glad  
Have ratified the Gift.

*L. J.* Are Crowns and Empire, the Government and Safety of Mankind,  
Trifles of such light Moment, to be left, like some rich Toy, a Ring or fancy'd Gem,  
The Pledge of parting Friends? can Kings do thus,  
And give away a People for a Legacy?

*North.* Forgive me, Princely Lady, if my Wonder,  
Seizes each Sense, each Faculty of Mind,  
To see the utmost Wish the Great can form,  
A Crown thus coldly met: A Crown, which slighted,  
And left in Scorn by you, shall soon be sought  
And find a joyful Wearer; One perhaps,  
Of Blood unkindred to your Royal House,  
And fix its Glories in another Line.

*L. J.* Where art thou now, thou Partner of my Care,  
Come to my Aid, and help to bear this Burthen,  
Oh! save me from this Sorrow, this Misfortune,  
Which in the Shape of gorgous Greatness comes,  
To crown and make a Wretch of me forever.

*Guil.* Thou weep'st, my Queen, and hang'st thy Head  
Like nodding Poppies heavy with the Rain,  
That bow their weary Necks and bend to Earth:  
See, by thy Side, thy faithful *Guilford* stands,  
Prepar'd to keep Disgrace and Danger from thee,  
To wear thy sacred Cause upon his Sword,  
And war against the World in thy Defence.

*North.* Oh! stay this inauspicious Stream of Tears,  
And cheer your People with one gracious Smile,  
Nor comes your Fate in such a dreadful Form,

# Lady JANE GRAY.

33

To bid you shun it. Turn those sacred Eyes  
On the bright Prospect Empire spreads before you.  
Methinks I see you seated on the Throne;  
Beneath your Feet, the Kingdoms great Degrees  
In bright Confusion shine, Mitres and Coronets,  
The various Ermin, and the glowing Purple?  
Assembled Senates wait with awful Dread  
To firm your high Commands, and make 'em Fate.

L. Jane. You turn to view the painted side of Royalty,  
And cover all the Cares that lurk beneath,  
It to be a Queen, to sit aloft  
Solemn, dull, uncomfortable State,  
The flatter'd Idol of a Servile Court,  
It to draw a pompous Train along,  
Pageant, for the wondring Crowd to gaze at,  
It in Wantonness of Pow'r, to Reign,  
And make the World subservient to my Pleasure?  
It not rather to be Greatly Wretched,  
To Watch, to Toil, to take a sacred Charge,  
To bend each Day before High Heaven, and own,  
His People hast thou trusted to my Hand,  
And at my Hand, I know, thou shalt require 'em?  
Alas! Northumberland no ~~long~~ my Father! — Is it not  
To live a Life of Care, and when I die,  
Have more to answer, for before my Judge,  
Than any of my Subjects? To run me off the Earth,  
Suff. Ev'ry State allotted to the Race of Man below,  
In proportion, doom'd to last some Sorrow.  
It is the golden Wreath on a King's Brow  
To tempt from Care; and yet, Who wou'd not bear it?  
Link on the Monarchs of our Royal Race,  
They liv'd not for Themselves: How many Blessings,  
How many lifted Hands, shall pay thy Toil,  
For thy Peoples Good thou happily borrow

F

Some

# The Tragedy of the

Some portion from the Hours of Rest, and Wake  
To give the World Repose.

*Suff.* Behold, we stand upon the Brink of Ruin,  
And only Thou canst save us. Persecution,  
That Fiend of *Rome* and Hell, prepares her Tortures;  
See where she comes in *Mary's* Priestly Train;  
Still wo't thou doubt? 'till thou behold her stalk  
Red with the Blood of Martyrs, and Wide-wasting  
O'er *England's* Bosome? All the mourning Year  
Our Towns shall glow with unextinguis'd Fires;  
Our Youth on Racks shall stretch their Cracking Bones;  
Our Babes shall sprawl on Consecrated Spears;  
Matrons and Husbands, with their New-born Infants,  
Shall burn promiscuous; a continu'd Peal of  
Of Lamentations, Groans, and Shrieks shall sound  
Through all our purple Ways.

*Guil.* Amidst that Ruin,  
Think thou behold'st thy *Guilford's* Head laid Low,  
Bloody and Pale.

*L. Jane.* Oh! Spare the Dreadful Image! *G.*  
*Guil.* Oh! wou'd the Misery be bounded there,  
My Life were little, but the Rage of *Rome*  
Demands whole Hecatombs, a Land of Victims.  
With Superstition comes that other Fiend,  
That Bane of Peace, of Arts and Virtue, Tyranny;  
That Foe to Justice, Scorer of all Law;  
That Beast, which thinks Mankind were born for One,  
And made by Heav'n to be a Monster's Prey;  
That heaviest Curse of groaning Nations, Tyranny.  
*Mary* shall, by her Kindred *Spain*, be taught  
To bend our Necks beneath a Brazen Yoke,  
And Rule o'er Wretches with an Iron Sceptre.

*L. Jane.* Avert that Judgment, Heaven!  
Whate'er thy Providence allots for me,  
In Mercy spare my Country.

Guil. Oh, my Queen !  
Does not thy Great, thy Generous Heart Relent,  
To think this Land, for Liberty so fam'd,  
Shall have her Tow'ry Front at once laid low,  
And robb'd of all it's Glory ? Oh ! my Country !  
Oh ! Fairest Albion, Empress of the Deep,  
How have thy Noblest Sons with stubborn Valour  
Stood to the last, dy'd many a Field in Blood,  
In dear Defence of Birth-right and their Laws !  
And shall those Hands, which fought the Cause of Freedom,  
Be manac'd in base unworthy Bonds ?  
Be tamely yielded up ? the Spoil, the Slaves  
Of Hair-brain'd Zeal, and Cruel Coward Priests ?

L. Jane. Yes, my lov'd Lord, my Soul is mov'd, like Thine,  
At ev'ry Danger which Invades our *England*,  
My cold Heart kindles at the great Occasion,  
And could be more than Man, in her Defence.  
But where is my Commission to Redress ?  
Or whence my Pow'r to Save ? Can *Edward's* Will,  
Or Twenty met in Council, make a Queen ?  
Can you, my Lords, give me the Pow'r to canvas  
A doubtful Title with King *Henry's* Daughters ?  
Where are the Rev'rend Sages of the Law,  
To guide me with their Wisdoms, and point out  
The Paths which Right and Justice bid me tread ?

North. The Judges all attend, and will at leisure  
Resolve you ev'ry Scruple.

L. Jane. They expound,  
But where are those, my Lord, who make the Law ?  
Where are the Ancient Honours of the Realm,  
The Nobles, with the Miter'd Fathers join'd ?  
The Wealthy Commons solemnly Assembled ?  
Where is that Voice of a Consenting People,  
To pledge the Universal Faith with mine,

## The Tragedy of the

And call me justly Queen?

North. Nor shall that long  
Be wanting to your Will: The Lords and Commons  
Shall, at your Royal Bidding, soon Assemble,  
And with united Homage own your Title.  
Delay not then to meet the General Will,  
But be our Queen; be *England's* better Angel.  
Nor let mistaken Piety betray you  
To join with *Cruel Mary* in our Ruin:  
Her bloody Faith commands her to Destroy,  
And yours forbids to Save.

Guil. Our Foes, already  
High in their Hopes, devote us all to Death:  
The Dronish Monks, the Scorn and Shame of Manhood,  
Rouze and prepare once more to take Possession,  
To nestle in their ancient Hives again;  
Again they furbish up their Holy Trumpetry,  
Relicks, and Wooden Wonder-working Saints,  
Whole Loads of Lumber and Religious Rubbish,  
In high Procession mean to bring 'em back,  
And place the Puppets in their Shrines again:  
While those of keener Malice, Savage *Bonner*,  
And Deep-designing *Gardner*, dream of Vengeance;  
Devour the Blood of Innocents, in Hope,  
Like Vultures, snuff the Slaughter in the Wind,  
And speed their Flight to Havock and the Prey.  
Haste then and save us, while 'tis giv'n to save  
Your Country, your Religion.

North. Save your Friends!

Suff. Your Father!

D. Suff. Mother!

Guil. Husband!

L. Jane. Take me, Crown me;

Invest me with this Royal Wretchedness;  
Let me not know one happy Minute more,

Let all my sleepless Nights be spent in Care,  
 My Days be vex'd with Tumults and Alarms,  
 If only I can save you ; if my Fate  
 Has mark'd me out to be the Publick Victim,  
 Make the Lot with Joy. Yes, I will Die  
 For that Eternal Truth my Faith is fix'd on,  
 And that dear Native Land which gave me Birth.

Guil. Wake ev'ry Tuneful Instrument to tell it,  
 And let the Trumpets sprightly Note proclaim  
 My Jane is *England's Queen* ! Let the loud Cannon  
 In peals of Thunder speak it to *Augusta*.  
 Imperial *Thames*, catch thou the sacred Sound,  
 And roll it to the subject Ocean down :  
 Tell the old Deep, and all thy Brother-Floods,  
 My Jane is Empress of the Watry World !  
 Now with glad Fires our bloodless Streets shall shine ;  
 With Cryes of Joy our cheerful Ways shall ring ;  
 Thy Name shall echo through the rescu'd Isle,  
 And reach Applauding Heaven !

L. Jane. Oh, Guilford ! What do we give up for Glory !  
 For Glory ! That's a Toy I wou'd not purchase,  
 An idle, empty Bubble. But for *England* !  
 What must we lose for That ! Since then my Fate  
 Has forc'd this hard Exchange upon my Will,  
 Let gracious Heav'n allow me one Request,  
 Or that blest Peace in' which I once did dwell,  
 Or Books, Retirement, and my studious Cell,  
 Or all those Joys my happier Days did prove,  
 Or Plato and his *Academick Grove* ;  
 All that I ask, is, Tho' my Fortune frown,  
 And bury me beneath this fatal Crown ;  
 That one Good be added to my Doom,  
 To save this Land from *Tyranny and Rome*.

End of the Third ACT.

ACT

## ACT. IV. SCENE I.

## Scene Continues.

Enter PEMBROKE and GARDINER.

Gardiner.



N an unlucky and accursed Hour [berland,  
Set forth that Traytor Duke, that Proud Northum-  
To draw his Sword upon the side of Heresy,  
And War against our Mary's Royal Right :  
III Fortune fly before and pave his Way

With Disappointment, Mischief and Defeat :

And thou, O, holy Becker, the Protector,  
The Champion, and the Martyr of our Church,  
Appear, and once more own the Cause of Rome ;  
Beat down his Launee, break thou his Sword in Battle,  
And cover foul Rebellion with Confusion.

Pem. I saw him marching at his Army's Head ;  
I mark'd him issuing through the City Gate  
In Harness, all appointed as he pass'd ;  
And (for he wore his Beaver up) could read  
Upon his Visage Horror and Dismay :  
No Voice of friendly Salutation chear'd him.  
None wish'd his Arms might thrive, or bad God-speed him ;  
But through a staring Gasty-looking Croud,  
Unhail'd, unbless'd, with heavy Heart he went :

TO A BODY

# Lady JANE GRAY.

39

As if his Traytor Father's haggard Ghost,  
And Somerset fresh bleeding from the Ax,  
On either hand had usher'd him to Ruin.

*Gar.* Nor shall the holy Vengeance loiter long,  
At Framingham in Suffolk lies the Queen,  
Mary our Pious Mistress; where each Day  
The Nobles of the Land, and swarming Populace  
Gather, and Lift beneath her Royal Ensigns.

The Fleet Commanded by Sir Thomas Farnham,  
Set out in Warlike matines to oppose her,  
With one Consent have join'd to own her Cause;  
The Valiant Sussex, and Sir Edward Hastings,  
With many more of Note, are up in Arms,  
And all Declare for Her.

*Pem.* The Citizens,  
Who held the Noble Somerset right dear,  
Hate this aspiring Dudley and his Race,  
And wou'd, upon the instant, join to oppose him,  
Could we but draw some of the Lords o' th' Council  
To appear among 'em, own the same Design,  
And bring the Rev'rend Sanction of Authority  
To lead 'em into Action. For that Purpose,

To thee, as to an Oracle, I come  
To learn what fit Expedient may be found  
To win the wary Council to our side.

By thou, whose Head is grown thus Silver White,  
In Arts of Government, and Tides of State,  
How we may blast our Enemies with Ruin,  
And sink the curs'd Northumberland to Hell.

*Gar.* In happy Time be your whole Wish accomplish'd.  
Since the Proud Duke set out, I have had Conference  
At Occasion serv'd, with divers of em,  
The Earl of Arundel, Mason, and Cheyney,  
And find 'em all dispos'd as we could ask.

Holy Mary, if I count aright,

To

## The Tragedy of the

To Day, the better Part shall leave this Place,  
 And meet at Baynard's-Castle in the City;  
 There own our Sovereign's Title, and defy  
 Jane, and her Gospel-Crew. But hye you hence!  
 This Place is still within our Foes Command,  
 Their Puppet-Queen reigns here.

*Enter an Officer with a Guard.*

*Off.* Seize on 'em both.

*[Guard seize Pembroke and Gardiner.]*

My Lord, you are a Prisoner to the State.

*Pem.* Ha! By whose Order?

*Off.* By the Queen's Command,  
 Sign'd and Deliver'd by Lord Guilford Dudley.

*Pem.* Curse on his Traytor's Heart!

*Gar.* Rest you Contented:

You have loiter'd here too long; but use your Patience,  
 These Bonds shall not be lasting.

*Off.* As for you, Sir, 'Tis the Queen's Pleasure, you be close Confin'd:

You've us'd that fair Permission was allow'd you,  
 To walk at large within the Power, unworthily,  
 You're noted for an Over-busy Medller,  
 A Secret Practicer against the State;  
 For which, henceforth, your Limits shall be straiter.  
 Hence! to his Chamber.

*Gar.* Farewel, gentle Pembroke,  
 I trust, that we shall meet on blinier Terms;  
 Till then, amongst my Beads, I will remember you,  
 And give you to the Keeping of the Saints.

*[Exit part of the Guard with Gardiner.]*

*Pem.* Now! whither must I go?

*Off.* This way, my Lord.

*[Gong.]*

Enter Guilford.

Guil. Hold, Captain ! e're you go, I have a Word or two  
For this your Noble Pris'ner.

Off. At your Pleasure :

I know my Duty, and attend your Lordship.

*[The Officer and Guard retire to the  
farther part of the Stage.]*

Guil. Is all the Gentleness that was betwixt us  
So lost, so swept away from thy Remembrance,  
Thou canst not look upon me ?

Pem. Ha ! not look !

What Terrors are there in the *Dudley's Race*,  
That *Pembroke* dares not look upon and scorn ?  
And yet, 'tis true, I wou'd not look upon thee :  
Our Eyes avoid to look on what we hate,  
As well as what we fear.

Guil. You hate me, then ?

Pem. I do ; and wish Perdition may o'ertake  
Thy Father, thy false Self, and thy whole Name.

Guil. And yet, as sure as Rage disturbs thy Reason,  
And masters all the noble Nature in thee ;  
As sure as thou hast Wrong'd me, I am come  
In tenderness of Friendship to Preserve thee ;  
To plant ev'n all the Pow'r I have before thee,  
And fence thee from Destruction, with my Life.

Pem. Friendship from thee ! But, my just Soul disdains thee :  
Silence ! take the prostituted Bawble back,  
Or none but Fools will prize the Tinsel Toy :  
But thou art come, perhaps, to vaunt thy Greatness,  
And set thy Purple Pomp to view before me ;  
So let me know that *Guilford* is a King,  
That he can speak the Word, and give me Freedom.

G

Oh !

Oh! Short-liv'd Pageant ! Had'st thou all the Pow'r  
 Which thy vain Soul would grasp at, I would Die,  
 Rot in a Dungeon, e're receive a Grace,  
 The least, the meanest Courtesy from Thee.

*Guil.* Oh! *Pembroke* ! But I have not time to Talk,  
 For Danger presses ; Danger unforeseen,  
 And secret as the Shaft that flies by Night,  
 Is aiming at thy Life. Captain, a Word ! [To the Officer.]  
 I take your Pris'ner to my proper Charge ;  
 Draw of your Guard, and leave his Sword with me.

*[The Officer Delivers the Sword to Lord Guilford, and goes out with the Guard.]*

*[L. Guil. offering the Sword to Pembroke.]*

Receive this Gift, ev'n from a Rival's Hand ;  
 And if thy Rage will suffer thee to hear  
 The Counsel of a Man once call'd thy Friend,  
 Flie from this fatal Place, and seek thy Safety.

*Pem.* How now ! What Shew, What Mockery is this ?  
 Is it in Sport you use me thus ? What means  
 This swift fantastick changing of the Scene ?

*Guil.* Oh ! take thy Sword ; and let thy valiant Hand  
 Be ready arm'd to Guard thy Noble Life :  
 The Time, the Danger, and thy wild Impatience,  
 Forbid me all to enter into Speech with thee,  
 Or I cou'd tell thee —

*Pem.* No, it needs not, *Traytor* !  
 For all thy poor, thy litle Arts are known.  
 Thou fear it my Vengeance, and art come to Fawn,  
 To make a Merit of that proffer'd Freedom,  
 Which, in despite of thee, a Day shall give me  
 Nor can my Fate depend on thee, false *Guilford* ;  
 For know, to thy Confusion, e're the Sun  
 Twice gild the East, our Royal *Mary* comes  
 To End thy Pageant Reign, and set me Free.

*Guil.* Ungrateful and Unjust ! Hast thou then known me

So little, to accuse my Heart of Fear?  
 Hast thou forgotten Musselborough's Field?  
 Did I then Fear, when by thy Side I fought,  
 And dy'd my Maiden Sword in Scottish Blood?  
 But this is Madness all.

Pem. Give me my Sword.

[Taking his Sword]

Perhaps indeed, I wrong thee. Thou hast thought;  
 And, conscious of the Injury thou' hast done me,  
 Art come to proffer me a Soldier's Justice,  
 And meet my Arm in single Opposition:  
 Lead then, and let me follow to the Field.

Guil. Yes, Pembroke, thou shalt satisfy thy Vengeance,  
 And write thy bloody Purpose on my Bosom.  
 But let Death wait to Day. By our past Friendship,  
 In Honour's Name, by ev'ry sacred Tie,  
 I beg thee ask no more, but haste from hence.

Pem. What mystick Meaning lurks beneath thy Words?  
 What Fear is this, which thou wouldst awe my Soul with?  
 Is there a Danger Pembroke dares not meet?

Guil. Oh! spare my Tongue a Tale of Guilt and Horror;  
 Trust me this once; believe me, when I tell thee  
 Thy Safety and thy Life is all I seek.

Away!

Pem. By Heavn! I wo'nt stir a Step.  
 Curse on this shuffling, dark, ambiguous Phrase.  
 If thou wou'dst have me think thou mean'st me fairly,  
 speak with that plainness Honesty delights in,  
 And let thy Double-Tongue for once be True.

Guil. Forgive me, Filial Piety and Nature,  
 Thus compell'd, I break your sacred Laws,  
 Reveal my Father's Crime, and blot with Infamy  
 The Hoary Head of him who gave me Being,  
 To save the Man whom my Soul loves from Death.

[Giving a Paper.]

Read there the fatal Purpose of thy Foe,

G 2

A

## The Tragedy of the

A Thought which Wounds my Soul with Shame and Horror,  
Somewhat that Darkness shou'd have hid for Ever,  
But that thy Life — Say, hast thou seen that Character?

Pem. I know it well; the Hand of Proud Northumberland,  
Directed to his Minions Gates and Palmer.

What's this?

[Reads.]

*Remember with your closest Care, to observe those whom I nam'd  
to you at parting; especially keep your Eye upon the Earl of  
Pembroke; as his Power and Interest are most Considerable,  
so his Opposition will be most Fatal to us. Remember the  
Resolution was taken, if you should find him inclin'd to our  
Enemies. The Forms of Justice are tedious, and Delays are  
Dangerous. If he falters, lose not the sight of him 'till your  
Daggers have reach'd his Heart.*

My Heart! Oh! Murd'rous Villain!

Guil. Since he parted,  
Thy Ways have all been Watch'd, thy Steps been Mark'd;  
Thy Secret Treaties with the Malecontents,  
That Harbour in the City; thy Conferring  
With Gard'ner here in the Tower, all is known;  
And, in pursuance of that Bloody Mandate,  
A Set of Chosen Ruffians wait to End thee.  
There was but one way left me to preserve thee;  
I took it; and this Morning sent my Warrant  
To seize upon thy Person — But be gone!

Pem. 'Tis so — 'tis Truth — I see his Honest Heart —

Guil. I have a Friend of well try'd Faith and Courage,  
Who with a fit Disguise, and Arms conceal'd,  
Attends without, to guide thee hence in Safety.

Pem. What is Northumberland? and what art Thou?

Guil. Waste not the Time. Away!

Pem. Here let me fix  
And gaze with Everlasting Wonder on thee;  
What is there Good or Excellent in Man,  
That is not found in thee? Thy Virtues flash,

They break at once on my astonish'd Soul ;  
As if the Curtains of the Dark were drawn,  
To let in Day at Midnight.

Guil. Think me True ;  
And tho' Ill-fortune crois'd upon our Friendship —

Pem. Curse on our Fortune ! — Think ! — I know thee honest.

Guil. For ever I cou'd hear thee — but thy Life —

Oh, Pembroke, linger not —

Pem. And can I leave thee  
Ere I have clasp'd thee in my eager Arms,  
And giv'n thee back my sad repenting Heart ?  
Believe me, *Guilford*, like the Patriarch's Dove, [Embracing.  
It wandr'd forth, but found no Resting-place  
Till it came Home again to lodge with thee.

Guil. What is there that my Soul can more desire,  
Than these dear Marks of thy returning Friendship ?  
The Danger comes — If you stay longer here,  
You Die, my *Pembroke*.

Pem. Let me stay and Die ;  
For if I go, I go to work thy Ruin.  
Thou know'st not what a Foe thou send'st me forth,  
That I have sworn Destruction to thy Queen,  
And pledg'd my Faith to *Mary* and her Cause :  
My Honour is at stake.

Guil. I know 'tis given :  
But go — the stronger thy Engagement's there,  
The more's thy Danger here. There is a Power  
Who sits above the Stars, in him I Trust ;  
All that I have, his bounteous Hand bestow'd ;  
And he that gave it, can preserve it to me.  
His O'er-ruling Will ordains my Ruin,  
What is there more, but to fall down before him,  
And humbly yield Obedience ! — Fly ! — Be gone !

Pem. Yes, I will go — For see ! Behold who comes !  
Oh, *Guilford*, hide me, shield me from their Sight ;  
Every

## The Tragedy of the

Ev'ry mad Passion kindles up again,  
 Love, Rage, Despair — and yet I will be Master —  
 I will Remember Thee — Oh, my torn Heart !  
 I have a Thousand thousand Things to say,  
 But cannot, dare not stay to look on her.  
 Thus gloomy Ghosts, when'er the breaking Morn  
 Gives notice of the cheerful Sun's Return,  
 Fade at the Light, with Horror stand Opprest,  
 And shrink before the Purple-dawning East ;  
 Swift with the fleeting Shades they wing their way,  
 And dread the Brightness of the Rising Day.

[Exeunt Guil. and Pen.

Enter Lady Jane, Reading.

L. Jane. 'Tis false ! The thinking Soul is somewhat more  
 Than Symmetry of Atoms well dispos'd,  
 The Harmony of Matter. Farewel else  
 The Hope of all hereafter, that New Life,  
 That separate Intellect, which must survive,  
 When this fine Frame is moulder'd into Dust.

Enter Guilford.

Guil. What read'st thou there, my Queen ?

L. Jane. 'Tis Plato's Phædon,  
 Where Dying Socrates takes leave of Life,  
 With such an easy, careless, calm Indifference,  
 As if the Trifle were of no Account,  
 Mean in it self, and only to be worn  
 In honour of the Giver.

Guil. Shall thy Soul  
 Still scorn the World, still flie the Joys that court  
 Thy blooming Beauty, and thy tender Youth ?  
 Still shall she fear on Contemplation's Wing,  
 And mix with nothing meaner than the Stars ;  
 As Heaven and Immortality alone  
 Were Objects worthy to employ her Faculties.

L. Jane.

# Lady JANE GRAY.

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L. Jane. Bate but thy Truth, what is there here below  
Deserves the least Regard? Is it not time  
To bid our Souls look out, explore hereafter,  
And seek some better, sure-abiding Place;  
When all around our gathering Foes come on,  
To drive, to sweep us from this World at once?

Guil. Does any Danger new—

L. Jane. The faithless Councillors  
Are fled from hence, to join the Princess *Mary*.  
The servile Herd of Courtiers, who so late  
In low Obeysance bent the Knee before me;  
They, who with zealous Tongues, and Hands uplifted,  
Besought me to Defend their Laws and Faith;  
Vent their lewd Execrations on my Name,  
Proclaim me Traitors now, and to the Scaffold  
Doom my devoted Head.

Guil. The Changling Villains

That pray for Slavery, fight for their Bonds,  
And shun the Blessing, Liberty, like Ruin.  
What art thou, Human Nature, to do thus?  
Does Fear or Folly make thee, like the *Indian*,  
Fall down before this dreadful Devil, Tyranny,  
And Worship the Destroyer?

But wherefore do I loiter tamely here?

Give me my Arms: I will Preserve my Country,  
Evn in her own despite: Some Friends I have  
Who will or Die or Conquer in thy Cause,  
Thine and Religion's, Thine and *England's* Cause.

L. Jane. Art thou not all my Treasure, all my Guard?

And wo't thou take from me the only Joy,  
The last Defence is left me here below?  
Think not thy Arm can stem the driving Torrent,  
Or save a People, who with blindfold Rage,  
Urge their own Fate, and strive to be Undone.  
Northumberland, thy Father, is in Arms;

And

And if it be in Valour to defend us,  
His Sword, that long has known the way to Conquest,  
Shall be our surest Safety.

*Enter the Duke of Suffolk.*

*Suff.* Oh ! my Children !

*L. Jane.* Alas ! What means my Father ?

*Suff.* Oh ! my Son !

Thy Father, great *Northumberland*, on whom  
Our dearest Hopes were built —

*Guil.* Ha ! What of him ?

*Suff.* Is Lost, Betray'd !

His Army, onward as he march'd, shrunk from him,  
Moulder'd away, and melted from his side,  
Like falling Hail thick strown upon the Ground,  
Which, e're we can essay to count, is vanish'd :  
With some few Followers he arriv'd at *Cambridge* ;  
But there, ev'n they forsook him ; and himself  
Was forc'd, with heavy Heart and watry Eye,  
To cast his Cap up, with dissembled Chear,  
And cry, God save Queen *Mary*. But alas !  
Little avail'd the semblance of that Loyalty :  
For soon thereafter, by the Earl of *Arundel*,  
With Treason was he charg'd, and there Arrested ;  
And now he brings him Prisoner up to *London*.

*L. Jane.* -- Then there's an end of Greatness the vain Dream  
Of Empire and a Crown, that danc'd before me,  
With all those unsubstantial, empty Forms,  
Waiting in idle Mockery around us :  
The gaudy Masque, tedious, and nothing meaning,  
Is vanish'd all at once — Why, fare it well.

*Guil.* And canst thou bear this sudden Turn of Fate  
With such unshaken Temper ?

*L. Jane.* For my self,  
If I cou'd form a Wish for Heav'n to grant,

It should have been to rid me of this Crown, but exist o'T  
 And thou o'er-ruling, great, all-knowing Power ! H And  
 Thou who discern'st our Thoughts, who see'st them rising, A  
 And forming in the Soul. Oh judge me, Thou ! before me now !  
 If e'er Ambition's guilty Fires have warm'd me, how I sh<sup>t</sup>  
 If e'er my Heart inclin'd to Pride, to Power, how sh<sup>t</sup> o'T  
 Or joy'd in being a Queen. I took the Scepter, H And now  
 To save this Land, thy People, and thy Altars; H And now  
 And now behold I bend my grateful Knee, [Kneeling.  
 In humble Adoration of that Mercy, bolgan smi mei aie ill<sup>t</sup>  
 Which quits me of the vast unequal Task.

*Enter the Duchess of Suffolk.*

D<sup>r</sup>s Suff. Nay, keep that Posture still; and let us join, O  
 Fix all our Knees by thine, lift up our Hands, O  
 And seek for Help and Pity from above, on tored yit has no  
 For Earth and faithless Man will give us none.

L. Jane. What is the worst our cruel Fate ordains us?

D<sup>r</sup>s Suff. Curs'd be my fatal Counsel, curs'd my Tongue,  
 That pleaded for thy Ruin, and persuaded  
 Thy guiltless Feet to tread the Paths of Greatness !  
 My Child ! — I have undone thee ! —

L. Jane. Oh my Mother ! B  
 Shou'd I not bear a Portion in your Sorrows ? A

D<sup>r</sup>s Suff. Alas ! thou hast thy own, a double Portion.

Mary is come, and the revolting Londoners,  
 Who beat the Heavens with thy applauded Name,  
 Now crowd to meet and hail her as their Queen.

Suffolk is enter'd here, commands the Tower,  
 Has plac'd his Guards around; And this sad Place,  
 So late thy Palace, is become our Prison.  
 I saw him bend his Knee to cruel Gardiner,  
 Who freed from his Confinement, ran to meet him,  
 Embrac'd and blest him with a Hand of Blood.  
 Each hast'ning moment I expect 'em here.

To seize, and pass the Doom of Death upon us.

*Guil.* Ha! seiz'd! shalt thou be seiz'd! and shall I stand,  
And tamely see thee born away to Death?  
Then blasted be my Coward Name for ever!  
No, I will set my self to guard this Spot,  
To which our narrow Empire now is shrunk;  
Here will I grow the Bulwark of my Queen;  
Nor shall the Hand of Violence profane thee,  
Until my Breast have born a thousand Wounds;  
Till this torn mangled Body sink at once  
A Heap of Purple Ruin at thy Feet.

*L. Jane.* And could thy rash distracted Rage do thus?  
Draw thy vain Sword against an armed Multitude,  
Only to have my poor Heart spilt with Horror,  
To see thee stab'd and butcher'd here before me.  
Oh call thy better nobler Courage to thee,  
And let us meet this adverse Fate with Patience!  
Greet our insulting Foes with equal Tempers,  
With even Brows, and Souls secure of Death.  
Here stand unmov'd, as once the Roman Senate  
Receiv'd fierce *Brennus* and the conquering *Gauls*,  
Till ev'n the rude *Barbarians* stood amaz'd  
At such superior Virtue. Be thy self,  
For see the Trial comes!

*Enter Sussex, Gardiner, Officers and Soldiers.*

*Suff.* Guards, execute your Orders, seize the Traitors!  
Here my Commission ends. To you, my Lord, [To Gardiner.  
So our great Mistres, Royal Mary, bids,  
I leave the full Disposal of these Pris'ners;  
To your wise Care the pious Queen commends  
Her Sacred Self, her Crown, and what's yet more,  
The Holy Roman Church; for whose dear Safety,  
She wills your utmost Diligence be shewn,  
To bring Rebellion to the Bar of Justice.

Yet

# Lady JANE GRAY.

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Yet further, to proclaim how much she trusts  
In Winchester's deep Thought, and well-try'd Faith,  
The Seal attends to grace those Reverend Hands;  
And when I next salute you, I must call you  
Chief Minister and Chancellor of England.

Gar. Unnumber'd Blessings fall upon her Head,  
My Ever-gracious Lady to remember  
With such full Bounty her old humbld Beadsman!  
For these her Foes leave me to deal with them.

Suff. The Queen is on her Entrance, and expects me:  
My Lord farewell.

Gar. Farewell, Right Noble Suff. [Exit Suff.]  
Commend me to the Queen's Grace, say her Bidding  
Shall be obser'd by her most lowly Creature. [Exit Suff.]  
Lieutenant of the Tower, take hence your Pris'ners,  
Be it your Care to see 'em kept apart,  
That they may hold no Commerce with each other.

L. Jane. That Stroke was unexpected.  
Guil. Wo't thou part us?

Gar. I hold no Speech with Hereticks and Traitors.  
Lieutenant, see my Orders be obey'd. [Exit Gardiner.]

Guil. Iahuman, monstrous, unexampled Cruelty!  
Oh Tyrant! but the Task becomes thee well;  
Thy savage Temper joys to do Death's Office,  
To tear the Sacred Bands of Love asunder,  
And part those Hands which Heav'n is self had join'd.

D's Suff. To let us waste the little Rest of Life  
Together, had been merciful.

Suff. Then it had not  
Been done like Winchester.

Guil. Thou stand'st unmov'd;  
Calm Temper sits upon thy beauteous Brow;  
Thy Eyes, that flow'd so fast for Edward's Loss,  
Gaze unconcern'd upon the Ruin round thee;  
As if thou hadst resolv'd to brave thy Rate.

And triumph in the midst of Desolation,  
Ha ! see it swells, the liquid Crystal rises,  
It starts in spight of thee, & shut it with catchit; s Locks off  
Nor let the Earth be wet with Dew so richlyen I had

L. Jane. And dost thou think, my Guilford, I can see  
My Father, Mother, and ev'n a thee my Husband  
Torn from my Side without a pang of Sorrow  
How art thou thus unknowing in my Heart ! Not dost thou  
Words cannot tell thee what I feel. There is  
An agonizing Softness, busy here, and no a rest O soft !  
That tugs the Strings, that struggles to get loose, broad !  
And pour my Soul in Wailings out before the world, and

Guil. Give way, and let the gushing Torrent come : Behold the Tears we bring to swell the Deluge, do ed that  
Till the Flood rise upon the guilty World, to answere  
And make the Ruin common, and me est the last of the

L. Jane. Guilford, no : on blot y sun yond T  
The time for tender Thoughts and soft Endearments  
Is fled away and gone ; Joy has forsaken us ; now  
Our Hearts have now another Part to play ; on blot  
They must be steel'd with some uncommon Fortitude,  
That fearless we may tread the Paths of Horrors, I  
And in despight of Fortune and our Foes, and I  
Ev'n in the Hour of Death be more than Conquerors.

Guil. Oh teach me to say, what Energy Divine  
Inspires thy softer Sex, and tender Years, to do  
With such unshaken Courage ?

L. Jane. Truth and Innocence, which need but  
A conscious Knowldg rooted in my Heart, if not T  
That to have sav'd my Country was my Duty, if not  
Yes, England, yes, my Country, I would have thed T  
But Heav'n forbids, Heav'n disallows my Weakness,  
And to some dear selected Her's Hand work, if not  
Reserves the Glory of thy great Deliverance.

Lieut. My Lords, my Orders, or victory fibed you



## A C T V. S C E N E I.

Scene continues.

Enter GARDINER, as Lord Chancellor, and the Lieutenant  
of the Tower; Servants with Lights before 'em.

Lieut.

G

Q. O D<sup>r</sup> Morning to your Lordship! you n  
Gar. Nay, by the Rood, there are  
many Sleepers; 'tis noon  
Some must stir early, or the State shall suff  
Did you, as yesterday our Mandate had,  
Inform your Prisoners, Lady Jane and Guilford,  
They were to die this Day?

Lieut. My Lord, I did.

Gar. 'Tis well. But say, how did your Message like 'em?

Lieut. My Lord, they met the Summons with a Temp  
That shew'd a solemn serious Sense of Death,  
Mix'd with a noble Scorn of all its Terrors.  
In short, they heard me with the self-same Patience  
With which they still have born them in their Prison,  
In one Request they both concur'd: Each begg'd  
To die before the other.

Gar. That, dispose  
As you think fitting.

Lieut. The Lord Guilford only  
Implor'd another Boon, and urg'd it warmly;  
That e'er he suffer'd he might see his Wife,  
And take a last Farewell.

Gar. That's not much;  
That Grace may be allow'd him: See you to it.  
How goes the Morning?

## Lady JANE GRAY.

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Lieut. Not yet Four, my Lord.

Gar. By Ten they meet their Fate. Yet one thing more, you know 'twas order'd that the Lady Jane  
hou'd suffer here within the Tow'r. Take care  
no Crouds may be let in, no matidlin Gazers,  
no wet their Handkerchiefs, and make Report  
low like a Saint she ended. Some fit Number,  
and those too of our Friends, were most convenient:  
but above all, see that Good Guard be kept:  
you know the Queen is lodg'd at present here,  
ake care that no Disturbance reach her Highness.

nd so good Morning, good Master Lieutenant. [Ex. Lieut.

ow now! What Light comes here?

Serv. So please your Lordship,

I mistake not 'tis the Earl of Pembroke.

Gar. Pembroke! — 'Tis he, What calls him forth thus  
somewhat he seems to bring of high Import; [early?  
ome Flame uncommon kindles up his Soul,  
nd flashes forth impetuous at his Eyes.

Enter Pembroke, a Page with a Light before him.

ood morrow, Noble Pembroke! What importunate  
nd strong Necessity breaks on your Slumbers,  
nd rears your youthful Head from off your Pillow  
t this unwholesom Hour; while yet the Night  
ags in her latter Course, and with her raw  
nd rheumy Damps infects the dusky Ait?

Pem. Oh Reverend Winchester! my beating Heart  
xults and labours with the Joy it bears.  
he News I bring shall bless the breaking Morn;  
his coming Day the Sun shall rise more glorious,  
han when his maiden Beams first gilded o'er  
he rich immortal Greens, the flow'ry Plains,  
nd fragrant Bow'rs of Paradise new-born.

Gar. What Happiness is this?

Pem.

Pem. 'Tis Mercy ! Mercy, The Mark of Heaven impres'd on Human Kind ; Mercy that glads the World, deals Joy around ; Mercy that smooths the dreadful Brow of Power, And makes Dominion light ; Mercy that saves, Binds up the broken Heart, and heals Despair. Mary, our Royal Ever-gracious Mistress, Has to my Services and humblest Prayers Granted the Lives of Guilford and his Wife ; Full, and free Pardon !

Gar. Ha ! What said you ? Pardon ! But sure you cannot mean it, cou'd not urge The Queen to such a rash and ill-tim'd Grace ? What ! save the Lives of those who were her Crown ! My Lord ! 'tis most unweigh'd pernicious Counsel, And must not be comply'd with. Pem. Not comply'd with ! And who shall dare to bar her Sacred Pleasure, And stop the Stream of Mercy ?

Gar. That will I, Who wo'nt see her gracious Disposition Drawn to destroy her self. Pem. Thy narrow Soul Knows not the godlike Glory of Forgiving ; Nor can thy cold, thy ruthless Heart conceive How large the Pow'r, how fix'd that Empire is, Which Benefits confer on generous Minds ; Goodness prevails upon the stubbornest Foes, And conquers more than ever Caesar's Sword did.

Gar. These are romantick, light, vain-glorious Dreams Have you consider'd well upon the Danger ? How dear to the fond Many, and how popular These are whom you wo'd spare ? Have you forgot When at the Bar, before the Seat of Judgment, This Lady Jane, this beauteous Traitors food,

With what Command she charm'd the whole Assembly?  
With silent Grief the mournful Audience sat,  
Fix'd on her Face, and list'ning to her Pleading.  
Her very Judges wrung their Hands for Pity;  
Their old Hearts melted in 'em as she spoke,  
And Tears ran down upon their silver Beards.  
Ev'n I my self was mov'd, and for a moment  
Felt Wrath suspended in my doubtful Breast,  
And question'd if the Voice I heard was mortal.  
But when her Tale was done, what loud Applause  
Like Bursts of Thunder shook the spacious Hall!  
At last, when, fore constrain'd, th' unwilling Lords  
Pronounc'd the fatal Sentence on her Life;  
A Peal of Groans ran thro the crowded Court,  
As every Heart were broken, and the Doom,  
Like that which waits the World, were universal.

*Pem.* And can that sacred Form, that Angel's Voice,  
Which mov'd the Hearts of a rude ruthless Croud,  
Nay, mov'd ev'n thine, now sue in vain for Pity?

*Gar.* Alas! you look on her with Lovers Eyes:  
I hear and see thro reasonable Organs,  
Where Passion has no Part. Come, come, my Lord,  
You have too little of the Statesman in you.

*Pem.* And you, my Lord, too little of the Churchman.  
Is not the sacred Purpose of our Faith  
Peace and Good-will to Man! The hallow'd Hand,  
Ordain'd to bless, shou'd know no Stain of Blood.  
Tis true, I am not practis'd in your Politicks.  
Twas your pernicious Counsel led the Queen  
To break her Promise with the Men of Suffolk,  
To violate what in a Prince should be  
Sacred above the rest, her Royal Word.

*Gar.* Yes, and I dare avow it; I advis'd her  
To break thro all Engagements made with Heretics,  
And keep no Faith with such a Miscreant Crew.

I

*Pem.*

Pem. Where shall we seek for Truth, when ev'n Religion  
 The Priestly Robe and miter'd Head disclaim it?  
 But thus bad Men dishonour the best Cauſe.  
 I tell thee, *Winchester*, Doctrines like thine  
 Have stain'd our holy Church with greater Infamy  
 Than all your Eloquence can wipe away.  
 Hence 'tis, that those who differ from our Faith  
 Brand us with Breach of Oaths, with Persecution,  
 With Tyranny o'er Conscience, and proclaim  
 Our scarlet Prelates Men that thirst for Blood,  
 And Christian *Rome* more cruel than the Pagan.

*Gar.* Nay if you rail, farewell. The Queen must be  
 Better advis'd, than thus to cherish Vipers, [Aside.  
 Whose mortal Stings are arm'd against her Life.  
 But while I hold the Seal, no Pardon passes  
 For Hereticks and Traitors. [Exit Gardiner.

Pem. 'Twas unlucky To meet and cross upon this froward Priest:  
 But let me lose the Thought on't; let me haſte,  
 Pour my glad Tidings forth in *Guilford's* Bosom,  
 And pay him back the Life his Friendship ſav'd. [Exit.

[The Scene drags, and reſpoſes the Lady Jane kneeling, as at her Devotion; a Light and a Book lying on a Table before her.]

Enter Lieutenant of the Tower, *Lord Guilford*, and one of Lady Jane's Women.

*Licent.* Let me not preſuſon your Lordſhip further,  
 But wait your Leſure in the Antichamber.

*Guil.* I will not hold you long. [Exit. Lieutenant.  
*Wom.* Softly, my Lord!  
 For yet beheld ſhe kneels. Before the Night  
 Had reach'd the middle Space, ſhe left her Bed,  
 And with a pleasing sober Cheerfulness,  
 As for her Funeral, array'd her ſelf

In those sad, solemn Weeds. Since then, her Knee  
Has known that Posture only, and her Eye,  
Or fix'd upon the sacred Page before her,  
Or lifted with her rising Hopes to Heaven.  
*Guil.* See ! with what Zeal those holy Hands are rear'd !  
Mark her Vermilion Lip with Fervour trembling !  
Her spotless Bosom swells with sacred Ardour,  
And burns with Ecstasy and strong Devotion.  
Her Supplication sweet, her faithful Vows  
Fragrant and pure, and grateful to high Heaven,  
Like Incense from the golden Censer rise :  
Or blessed Angels minister unseen,  
Catch the soft Sounds, and with alternate Office  
Spread their Ambrosial Wings, then mount with Joy,  
And waft 'em upwards to the Throne of Grace.  
But she has ended, and comes forward.

[Lady Jane rises, and comes towards the Front of the Stage.

*L. Jane.* Ha !  
Art thou my *Guilford* ? Wherefore dost thou come  
To break the settled Quiet of my Soul ?  
I meant to part without another Pang,  
And lay my weary Head down full of Peace.  
*Guil.* Forgive the Fondness of my longing Soul,  
That melts with Tenderness, and leans towards thee ;  
Tho' the imperious dreadful Voice of Fate  
Summon her hence, and warn her from the World.  
But if to see thy *Guilford*, give thee Pain,  
Wou'd I had dy'd, and never more beheld thee :  
Tho' my lamenting discontented Ghost  
Had wander'd forth unblest by those dear Eyes,  
And wail'd thy Loss in Death's eternal Shades.

*L. Jane.* My Heart had ended ev'ry earthly Care,  
Had offer'd up its Prayers for thee and *England*,

And fix'd its Hope upon a Rock unfailing;  
 While all the little Bus'ness that remain'd,  
 Was but to pass the Forts of Death with Constancy,  
 And leave a Life become indifferent to me.  
 But thou hast waken'd other Thoughts within me:  
 Thy Sight, my dearest Husband and my Lord,  
 Strikes on the tender Strings of Love and Nature;  
 My vanquish'd Passions rise again, and tell me  
 'Tis more, far more than Death to part from thee.

Enter Pembroke.

Pem. Oh let me fly! bear me, thou swift Impatience,  
 And lodge me in my faithful Gailford's Arms; [Embracing]  
 That I may snatch him from the greedy Grave,  
 That I may warm his gentle Heart with Joy,  
 And talk to him of Life, of Life and Pardon.

Guil. What means my dearest Pembroke?

Pem. Oh! my Speech  
 Is choak'd with Words that croud to tell my Tidings:  
 But I have sav'd thee, and — Oh Joy unutterable!  
 The Queen, my gracious, my forgiving Mistres,  
 Has given not only thee to my Request,  
 But she, she too in whom alone thou liv'st,  
 The Partner of thy Heart, thy Love is safe.

Guil. Millions of Blessings wait her! — Has she — tell me  
 Oh has she spar'd my Wife?

Pem. Both, both are pardon'd.  
 But haste, and do thou lead me to thy Saint,  
 That I may cast my self beneath her Feer,  
 And beg her to accept this poor Amends  
 For all I've done against her — Thou fair Excellence, [Kneeling]  
 Can'st thou forgive the hostile Hand that arm'd  
 Against thy Cause, and robb'd thee of a Crown?

L. Jane. Oh rise, my Lord, and let me take your Postur!  
 Life and the World were hardly worth my Care;

ut you have reconcil'd me to 'em both.  
Then let me pay my Gratitude, and for  
his free, this noble unexpected Mercy,  
thus low I bow to Heaven, the Queen, and You.  
Pem. To me ! Forbid it Goodness ! If I live,  
somewhat I will do shall deserve your Thanks ;  
All Discord and Remembrance of Offence  
shall be clean blotted out, and for your Freedom  
My self have underta'en to be your Caution.  
Dear me, you Saints, and aid my pious Purpose ;  
These that deserve so much, this wondrous Pair,  
et these be happy, ev'ry Joy attend 'em ;  
Fruitful Bed, a Chain of Love unbroken,  
good Old Age, to see their Childrens Children,  
holy Death, and everlasting Memory ;  
While I resign to them my Share of Happiness ;  
Contented still to want what they enjoy,  
and singly to be wretched.

*Enter Lieutenant of the Tower.*

Lieut. The Lord Chancellor  
come with Orders from the Queen.

*Enter Gardiner, and Attendants.*

Pem. Ha ! Winchester !  
Gar. The Queen, whose Days be many,  
y me confirms her first accorded Grace :  
ut as the pious Princeſ means her Mercy  
hou'd reach e'en to the Soul as well as Body,  
y me ſhe signifies her Royal Pleaſure,  
hat thou, Lord Guilford, and the Lady Jane,  
o instantly renounce, abjure your Heresy,  
nd yield Obedience to the See of Rome.

L. Jane. What, turn Apostate !

Guil. Ha ! Forgo my Faith !

Gar.

*Gar.* This one Condition only seals your Pardon. But if thro Pride of Hearts and stubborn Obstinacy, With wilful Hands you push the Blessing from you, And shut your Eyes against such manifest Light; Know ye, your former Sentence stands confirm'd, And you must die to-day.

*Pem.* 'Tis false as Hell to command me. I bas been  
The Mercy of the Queen was free and full. Think'it thou that Princes merchandize their Graces, As Roman Priests their Pardons? Do they barter, Skrew up like you the Buyer to a Price, And doubly sell what was design'd a Gift?

*Gar.* My Lord, this Language ill beseems your Nobleness; Nor come I here to bandy Words with Madmen: Behold the Royal Signs of the Queen, Which amply speaks her Meaning. You, the Pris'ners, Have heard at large its Purport, and must instantly Resolve upon the Choice of Life or Death.

*Pem.* Curse on — But wherefore do I loiter here? I'll to the Queen this moment, and there know What 'tis this mischief-making Priest intends. [Exit.]

*Gar.* Your Wisdom points you out a proper Course. A Word with you, Lieutenant. [Talks with Lieut.]

*Guil.* Must we part then? Where are those Hopes that flatter'd us but now? Those Joys, that like the Spring with all its Flowers, Pour'd out their Pleasures ev'ry where around us? In one poor Minute gone, at once they wither'd, And left their Place all desolate behind 'em.

*L. Jane.* Such is this foolish World, and such the Certain Of all the boasted Blessings it bestows. Then, *Guilford*, let us have no more to do with it; Think only how to leave it as we ought, But trust no more, and be deceiv'd no more.

*Guil.* Yes, I will copy thy Divine Example,  
And tread the Paths are pointed out by thee:  
By thee instructed, to the fatal Block  
Bend my Head with Joy, and think it Happiness  
To give my Life a Ransom for my Faith.

From thee, thou Angel of my Heart, I learn  
That greatest, hardest Task, to part with thee.

*L. Jane.* Oh gloriously resolv'd! Heaven is my Witness,  
My Heart rejoices in thee more ev'n now,  
Thus Constant as thou art in Death, thus Faithful,  
Than when the holy Priest first join'd our Hands,  
And knit the sacred Knot of Bridal Love.

*Gar.* The Day wears fast; Lord *Guilford*, have you thought?  
Will you lay hold on Life?

*Guil.* What are the Terms?

*Gar.* Death or the Mass attend you.

*Guil.* 'Tis determin'd;  
Lead to the Scaffold.

*Gar.* Bear him to his Fate.

*Guil.* Oh let me fold thee once more in my Arms,  
Thou dearest Treasure of my Heart, and print  
A dying Husband's Kiss upon thy Lip!

Shall we not live again, ev'n in these Forms?

Shall I not gaze upon thee with these Eyes?

*L. Jane.* O wherefore dost thou sooth me with thy Softness?  
Why dost thou wind thy self about my Heart,  
And make this Separation painful to us?  
Here break we off at once; and let us now,  
Forgetting Ceremony, like two Friends  
That have a little Bus'ness to be done,  
Take a short Leave, and haste to meet again.

*Guil.* Rest on that Hope, my Soul—my Wife—

*L. Jane.* No more.

*Guil.* My Sight hangs on thee—Oh support me, Heav'n,  
In this last Pang—and let us meet in Bliss.

*Guilford is led off by the Guards.*

*L. Jane.*

*L. Jane.* Can Nature bear this Stroke? —

*Wom.* Alas! she faints —

*L. Jane.* Wou't thou fail now! — the killing Stroke is past,  
And all the Bitterness of Death is over.

*Gar.* Here let the dreadful Hand of Vengeance stay;  
Have pity on your Youth and blooming Beauty;  
Cast not away the Good which Heaven bestows;  
Time may have many Years in store for you,  
All crown'd with fair Prosperity: Your Husband  
Has perish'd in Perverseness.

*L. Jane.* Cease, thou Raven;  
Nor violate with thy profaner Malice  
My bleeding *Guilford's* Ghost — 'tis gone, 'tis flown;  
But lingers on the wing, and waits for me.

[The Scene draws, and discovers a Scaffold hung with Black.  
Executioner and Guards.]

And see my Journey's End!

1 *Wom.* My dearest Lady.

2 *Wom.* Oh Misery!

*L. Jane.* Forbear, my gentle Maids,  
Nor wound my Peace with fruitless Lamentations:  
The good and gracious Hand of Providence  
Shall raise you better Friends than I have been.

1 *Wom.* Oh never! never! —

*L. Jane.* Help to disarray,  
And fit me for the Block: Do this last Service,  
And do it chearfully. Now you will see  
Your poor unhappy Mistress sleep in Peace,  
And cease from all her Sorrows. These few Trifles,  
The Pledges of a dying Mistress' Love,  
Receive and share among you. Thou, *Maria*, [To 1 *Wom.*]  
Haft been my old, my very faithful Servant;  
In dear Remembrance of thy Love, I leave thee  
This Book, the Law of Everlasting Truth:  
Make it thy Treasure still, 'twas my Support  
When all Help else forsook me.

LADY JANE GRAY.

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Car. Will you yet not say I have said in evil <sup>and</sup> well said, be wise, and save your precious Life, Fane. Oh Winchester, has Learning taught thee that,

barter Truth for Life?  
Gar. Mistaken Folly! to bushwacking and to  
toil and travail for your own Perdition,  
die for damned Errors.

... Jane. Who judge rightly, will be known, when we meet again. Once more farewell. *Tommy*.

en, when we meet again. Once more farewell; let goodness be ever with you. When I'm dead, treat they do no rude dishonest Wrong my cold headle's Corfe; but see it shrouded,

decent laid in Earth.  
Gar. Wou't thou then die?  
Blood be on thy Head.

.. Jane. My Blood be where it falls, let the Earth hide it  
I may it never rise, or call for Vengeance :  
that it were the last shall fall a Victim

Zeal's inhuman Wrath ! Thou gracious Heaven,  
And defend at length thy suff'ring People.

se up a Monarch of the Royal Blood,  
True, Pious, Equitable, Wise, and Good:

hy due Season let the Hero come,  
Save thy Altars from the Rage of *Rome*:

ng let him reign, to bless the rescu'd Land,  
And deal out Justice with a righteous Hand.

Deal out Justice with a righteous Hand,  
when he fails, Oh may he leave a Son,

which no man, can truly be leave a Son,  
th equal Vertues to adorn his Throne;  
latest Times the Blessing to cover

late it Iimes to bring to convey,  
I guard that Faith for which I die to day.

[Lady Jane gets up to the Scaffold, the Scene closes.]

## Exhibit B

Per. Horror on Horror! blakst be the Hand  
at struck my Guilford! Oh! his bleeding Trunk

KARL KREMER

## Shall

Shall live in these distracted Eyes for evr.  
Curse on thy fatal Arts, thy crud Counsels! [To Gar]  
The Queen is deaf and pitches us thoir art.

Gar. The just Reward of Heresy and Treason  
Is fal'n upon 'em both for their vain Obsimacy,  
Untimely Death with Infamy on Earth,  
And everlasting Punishment hereafter.

Pew. And canst thou tell? Who gave thee to explore  
The Secret Purposes of Heaven, or taught thee  
To set a Bound to Mercy unconfine?  
But know, thou proud perversly-judging Whistler,  
Howe'er your hard impious Censures doom,  
And portion out our Lot in Worlds to come;  
Those, who with honest Hearts pursue the Right,  
And follow faithfully Truth's Sacred Light,  
Tho suffering here, shall from their Sorrow's cease,  
Rest with the Saints, and dwell in endless Peace.

[Exit Whistler]

in this a list-Hast first the first  
of this world? This world is not  
the world you dignest for this life  
to dwell in. Royalists to defend a quan-

titive of Good

[Exit Whistler]

# EPITLOGUE:

Spoken by Mrs. PORTER.

THE Palms of Virtue Heroes oft have worn,  
Those Wreaths, to-night, a Female Brow adorn.  
The Destin'd Saint, unfortunately Brave,  
Sunk with those Altars which she strove to save.  
Greatly she dar'd to prop the Juster Side,  
As greatly with her adverse Fate comply'd.  
Did all that Heav'n cou'd ask, Resist'd and Dy'd.  
Dy'd for the Land for which she wish'd to Live,  
And gain'd that Liberty she could not give.  
Oh! Happy People! of this Fair Isle,  
On whom so many better Angels smile.  
For you, kind Heav'n new Blessings still supplies,  
Bids other Saints and other Guardians rise.  
For you the Fairest of her Sex is come,  
Adopts our Britain, and forgets her Home.  
For Truth and you, the Heroine declines  
Austria's Proud Eagles and the Indian Mines.  
What Sense of such a Bounty can be known?  
But Heav'n must make the vast Reward its own.  
And Stars shall join to form her future Crown.  
Your Gratitude with ease may be express'd;  
Strive but to be, what she wou'd make you, Blest.  
Let no vile Faction vex the vulgar Ear  
With fond Surmise, and false affected Fear.  
Confirm but to your selves the given Good,  
'Tis all She asks, for all She hat besom'd.  
Such was our great Example shown to-day,  
And with such Thanks our Author's Pains repay.  
If from these Scenes, to guard your Faith you learn,  
If for your Laws so shew a just Concern,  
If you are taught to dread a Popish Reign,  
Our Beauteous Patriot has not dy'd in vain.

A PROLOGUE to Lady Jane Grey sent by  
an Unknown Hand.

WHEN wretched Tyrants come by bloody Reigns,  
And fatal Visions break the Murderer's Rest;

When Vengeances does Ambition's Pace decree,

And Tyrants bleed, to set whole Nations free;

Then the Muse follows each distressed State,

Unmov'd is every Breast, and every Voice forsworn,

The mournful Lines no tender Heart subdue,

Compassion is to suffering Goodness due.

The Poet your Attentive Eyes end more,

T' aze for Characters here drawn before:

No Royal Mistress sighs through ev'ry Page,

And breathes her dying Sorrows on the Stage:

No lovely Fair by soft persuasion won,

Lays down the Load of Life, when Honour's gone,

Nobly to bear the Changes of our State,

To stand unmov'd against the Storms of War,

A brave Contempt of Life, and Grandeur lost;

Such glorious Toils a Female Nature can boast,

Our Author draws not Beauty's beauteous Smile,

T' invite our Wishes, nor our Hairs' beside,

No soft Enchantment languish in her Eyes,

No Blossoms fade, nor sickly Rose dies:

A nobler Passion ev'ry Breath must move,

Than youthful Raptures, and the Bulk of Lov'd Men mislead,

A Mind unchanged'd, superior to a Crown,

Bravely defies the angry Tyrant's Frown;

The same, if Fortune fad, or (misfortune) high, an equal heart's disdain,

Or if the World's extended Empire lies:

With gen'rous Scorn she lays the Scepter down,

Great Souls shine brightly by Misfortunes shadow'd: where have we seen

With patient Courage her suffering the Blow, and of such Kind, with her

And triumphs o'er Variety of Woe.

Through ev'ry Scene the sad Distress is new;

How well sung of Life does represent the truest of India, and of the world,

Unhappy Age! who views the Bloody Scars,

But weep with Tears record Maria's Sighs?

When Zeal, by Doctrine plac'd, Lovers' will,

Distracted by Religion's Voice to kill,

Let ev'ry Eye with tender pity view:

The lovely Form through falling Drops will form

Like flow'ry Shadows on the silver Stream,

Thus Beauty, Heaven's fairest Ornament, shall prove

Enrich'd by Virtue, as wiser & by Learning, a wiser & a nobler Soul,

Forget your Charms, fond Woman's late Delights,

The Fops will languish here another Night.

No Conquest from dissembling Smiles we fear,

She only kills, who wounded us with a Tear,

She only kills, who wounded us with a Tear,